

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

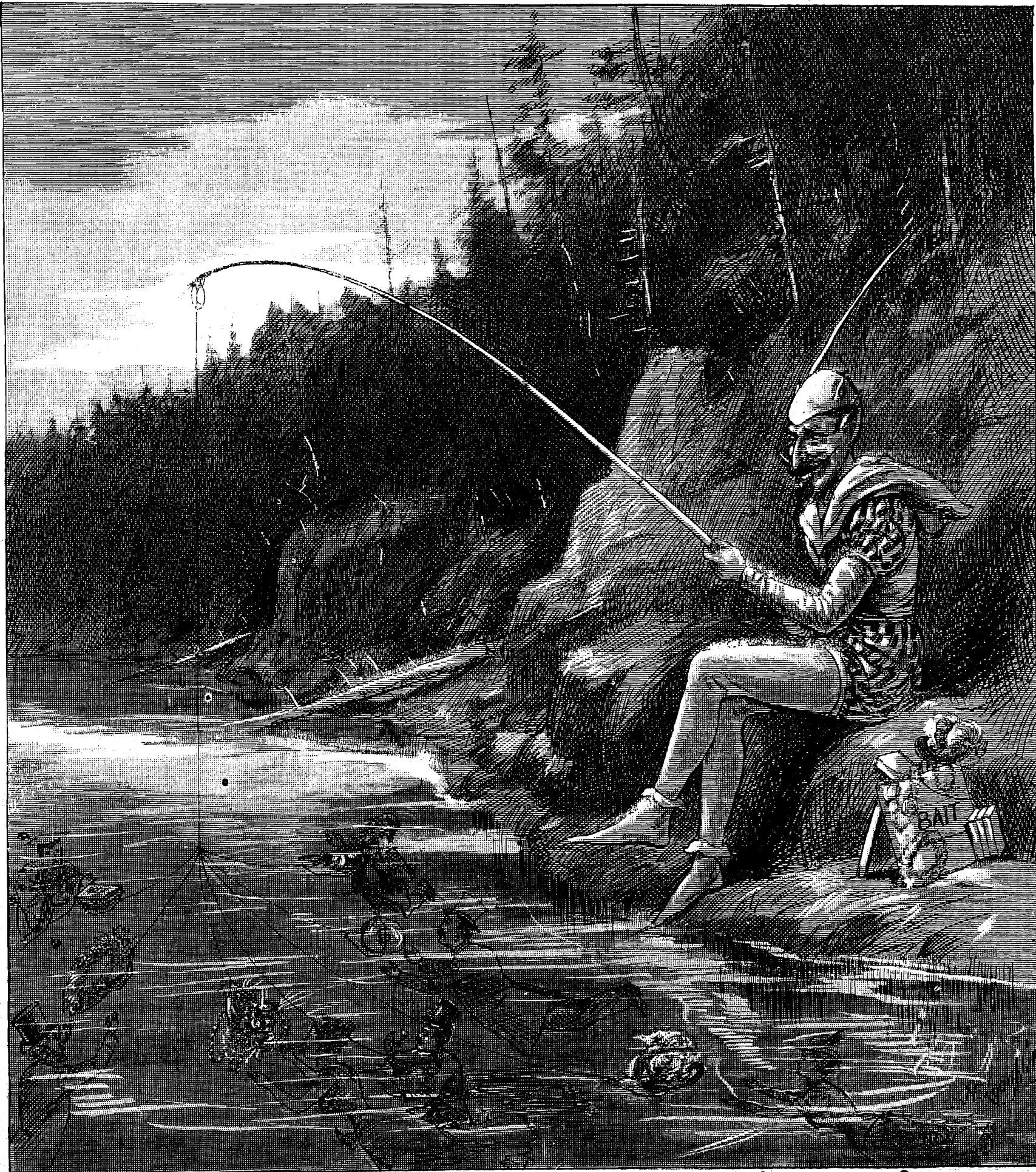
15th Year, No. 3.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



# The Devil-Fisher. HONEY-SUCKLES.

(To our frontispiece.)



UNLIKE the Devil-fish, who is so named from his exceedingly hideous appearance, the Devilfisher is very attractive, and his innumerable baits are very fascinating to the souls floating in the stream of time.

The Devilfisher is cunning. His line branches out below the waterline and instead of hooks, living toalons hold out the baits to the duped souls. Woe unto the man and woman who takes hold of the attractive bait, for from underneath the claw of hell will fly at his heart and claim its victim's most exacting service for time and eternity.

The Devilfisher baits his hooks according to the disposition and nature of his victim. Like the trout angler uses a beautiful image of a favorite fly that is considered a choice morsel by that fish, so the devil uses cleverly such baits that most strikingly resemble the things we love and value.

Clever doubts and inquiries for the bright intellect, social enjoyment for the active girl, the exhilaration of an occasional glass for the worried business man, fetching apparel for the ambitious woman, laurels for the fame-thirsty man, dollars for the selfish person, comforts and luxury for the lazy; these are some of the glittering baits with which the Devilfisher covers the deathly hooks of hell.

Woe to the indiscreet, who reach out with covetous hand and probably not feeling the link that fastens them to the Devilfisher, who pays out rope in the beginning to make sure of a solid bite, go on to drink the cup of sin. But soon the line will be hauled in, and the victim is dragged into sins and enmeshed into a net of iniquities.

Is there no Deliverer? Yes, Jesus lives to break the fetters and set the repenting slave free.

## Separation Avoided.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

ALVATION officers witness some strange and blessed scenes. This one, for instance: A great drunkard, infuriated with drink, went to a certain barracks, in England, in search of his sister (who is a Salvationist); he was in a towering rage, all the more terrible because he was a burly fellow. He was under the mistaken impression that this sister had advised his wife to leave him and take the three children with her. That night when he returned home to tea, he had found, written in a book lying open on the table:

"I can stand it no longer; I must leave you. You have been cruel. I would rather die with my children than live with you. Farewell.—Your broken-hearted Wife."

The sister asked the Captain to go to this man outside the barracks, for she was afraid of him. The Captain went and talked with him, and eventually he was got into the quarters. He wept bitterly, for he loved his children, and considered them gone from him for ever. He was persuaded to go into the meeting, where he was dealt with about his soul. "If I get saved will it bring my wife and children back?" he asked. "God can do that," was the reply. Then he went boldly out and got the victory.

The Captain took him to his cheerless home. All was darkness. A search was commenced by the husband, Captain, and two sisters. Presently the husband opened a shed door, called, and the wife answered. The children lay on the floor asleep; the Captain carried one, the husband another, and the wife was persuaded to come out too, carrying her recently-born infant. Prayer and good advice followed; the fire was lighted and a cup of tea made.

Since then the wife has knelt at the penitent form. The husband remarked to the Captain the other night, "We are getting on grand. We pray together at the bedside."

Emotion is often true genius in Christian work. I have never known that sawdust has done much towards helping the real progress of mankind.

By ENSIGN W. J. PAYNE.

God not only wants us to declare our love to Him. He also wants a tangible proof of it.

A love declaration, which refuses to suffer for the object it says it adores, is in the last stage of consumption and will soon die out.

The great ocean is made up of small particles of water which flow together; so, great and good men's lives are made out of little deeds, which increase by use.

The man who fails to consecrate his all to God, need never expect to get much, and will have little to give to God's cause.

No use to try to do right with a wrong heart, for it will only mean premature death to the good intentions. But a right heart means a practical man, as it is the life of all he does.

Brains that only think for the benefit of self, are no better than hands, that fail to do good to others.

We need to watch, lest while we are quick to discern the faults of others, we are slow to see our own.

You must give up your own ways, if you want God to take and use you; to do good we must first of all be good.

If God went to the trouble to make a place for every star and planet, and

door is shut there is neither inlet or outlet for the light.

Hope keeps out despondency and gives me breathing capacity to fight and overcome.

Love makes one pliable and sweet-tempered, rendering service a pleasure, for it never fails.

Salvation, even if it did not give much beauty this side of heaven, it does in heaven.

Human nature is no ornament without God, and if you try to make it ornamental, the paint washes off and its beauty fades and dies away. Be in for that beauty that never dies, even if it brings you reproach and dishonor here.

At the day of your death will six feet of earth contain all your honor and happiness, leaving you forever in misery?

Better a living man in rags than a corpse arrayed in silk and satin; for the living man can do something, but the dead nothing at all, but regret.

Dead professors are very much like stagnant pools, they neither give out to benefit others, nor take in enough to keep themselves pure.

Some of you Salvationists, when you see a sister's fault do not go to your God on her behalf. You would rather do a bit of pious chit-chat about it.—Mrs. Booth.



Iniquity builds its own gaol.

Honesty worships in the temple of truth.

Holy living is the most eloquent preaching.

A dusty Bible generally means a soiled life.

God is invisible, but He is not unapproachable.

When we think ourselves wise, others think otherwise.

The best way to edify a saint is to convert a sinner.

The Christian war is not against sinners, but against sin.

He who nurses a grudge carries a club for his own head.

Prayer is the touch of an infant on the arm of the Almighty.

Trifles are the hinges upon which the door of opportunity swings.

The sins we pet in our lives we are apt to pelt in those of others.

Never to make a mistake is the biggest mistake any man can make.

The cheaper your religion is, the greater extravagance you indulge in.

A palace without God is but a poor house, yet a poorhouse with God is a palace.

Think less of the cross you bear for Christ, and more of the cross He bore for you.

What is important is to have a soul which loves truth and receives it wherever he finds it.

From near at hand one must not hope, but from far. Let us trust in God; each one in himself and in the other, and so it will be well.

The tissues of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

—Whittier.

## OUR TRI-COLORS.

From sin's foul fate each soul to save,  
May ever our banner wave,  
The Red, the Blue, with Yellow star.  
Proclaim salvation near and far.

Red is the Blood of Calvary,  
That flowed for all a crimson sea;  
Its wave has washed our soul from sin,  
And placed a heart of flesh within.

So wave them high above the crowd—  
The Yellow, Red, and Blue—and loud  
Cry out above Hell's drowsing tin,  
We KNOW a Saviour from all sin.

—Quintus.

set them in it, think you not that He has not a fixed place for you?

Why lie down and die in want with a great abundance around you? Arouse thyself to action, put forth thy hand, take and eat and live.

We get from God what our faith lays claim to, for He says it is only what we are capable of using to His glory. His wisdom permits us to get no more.

Full salvation fills the man and must of necessity bring every faculty, or power, of the soul and body into living fellowship with Jesus, for faithful service.

He who shuts his ears now to the cry of the needy, will also cry himself, but to no purpose.

Where sin ceases to exist salvation sets up its reign in righteousness, for sin is as directly opposed to the new birth, as death is to life. If I am not washed in the Blood of Jesus, I can have no part with Him.

If I am conscious of anything in me or my possessions which is not consecrated to God, I am that much short of full salvation.

My work will be God-like according to the measure of His love I possess; I cannot put into my work what's not in me. We'll get in proportion to what we give.

Faith in God is the link in the chain of life that holds me fast.

They who make a profession of religion, and fail to show forth in daily life the virtue of possession, are like a house without windows: when the perfume is to flowers.

Blue stands for temperance, and it is The outcome of salvation's bliss,  
And as the sky shines blue above,  
May faithful likewise prove our love.

The Yellow Star, the Holy Ghost,  
It stands for Him that makes a host  
Out of the timid girl or boy,  
And gives us peace without alloy.

So wave them high above the crowd—  
The Yellow, Red, and Blue—and loud  
Cry out above Hell's drowsing tin,  
We KNOW a Saviour from all sin.

—Quintus.

## PRESENTLIES.

Never say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now.

No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others wisely and well who dealt in presentlies.

Look at nature, she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall.

Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their risings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and the eclipses are always punctual to the minute.

There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe, which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operations of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race.

Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so too frequently. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored.

Make NOW your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that in three cases out of five, presently is too late.

In the recesses of some deep, dark pit, there may be inflammable gas, whose accumulation has been gradual, and whose existence may be unsuspected or unknown; but it immediately explodes when a lighted lamp comes into contact with it—thereby, if not otherwise, its existence is made known. And there is lying in every unrenewed heart, unknown to its possessor, a vast amount of enmity to God, which is never manifested until God, who is a consuming fire, draws near to that heart and enters it; then that enmity bursts forth into a flame.

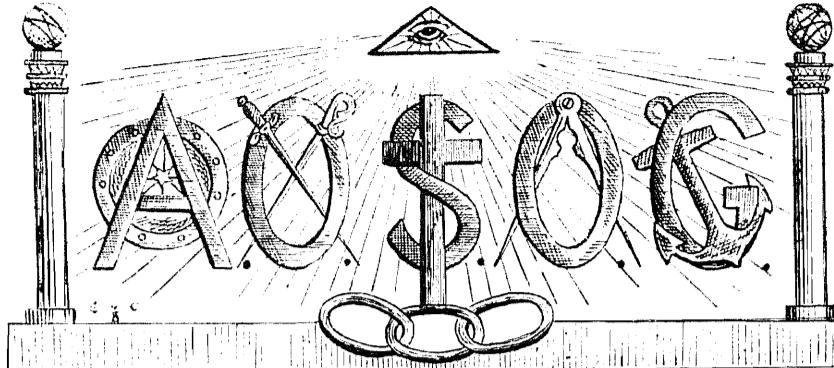
Reader, do not flatter yourself that you love God, because you have never been conscious of hating Him. If He brings near His holiness, and by His law

Searches Your Heart

you will find that there is not only the mere absence of love to Him as a Holy Being, but positive enmity, because He is holy. But better far that your enmity should explode here than hereafter; better to know your carnal heart's desperate condition, while there is hope for you that God will take away from you that heart of stone, and give you a new heart which will love Him, and prompt you to serve Him in newness of life. Let your fervent prayer to Him now be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

## LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full partulars can be had from MAJOR SMERTON, Corner



## AN ANCIENT ORDER OF WHICH ALL SALVATIONISTS SHOULD BE MEMBERS.

### ITS DEGREES, SIGNS AND PASSWORDS.

Much has been written from time to time for and against the many Secret Orders that are now in existence, and varied has been the attitude taken by soldiers and officers of the Salvation Army towards them, so that it may not come amiss to say something here about one Order that, without doubt, will be defended by all true Salvationists. It is truly a Secret Order, because only those who are actual members know the real value of the benefits accruing to them, and only they understand the mysteries of the Order, which are beyond the comprehension of those outside of it, even though they were very learned men. Its signs, passwords, ceremonies, constitution and laws, if thoroughly understood and practiced, lead to the greatest usefulness and happiness possible to any human being. The full name of this Order, the initials of which appear at the heading of this article, is: The Ancient Order of the Sons of God. There are three degrees obtainable in this life, which are the first, or the Servant Degree; the second, or Sonship Degree, and the third, or the Degree of the Fiery Baptism.

#### The First, or Servant Degree.

is open to all mankind. It is the big end of the funnel, or the initiative degree. The conditions of entrance are: that sin in any form be renounced, that righteousness be sought, and that God be acknowledged as Supreme Ruler, and served accordingly.

During the first four thousand years of the world's history the first degree was the only one, and the Order was generally known as the Servants of God. Its Grand Masters were called Patriarchs and Prophets, and the purpose of the Order was to restore, preserve and improve the worship of the true God, which meant the destruction of idolatry among the chosen people of God and the exaltation of Righteousness.

In the first degree God is known as the Father, the originator and creator of all things. In Him is the source of all wisdom, and He is the Lord or Governor of all the universe. As such He received the worship of all the members of the order, who sacrificed to Him by the killing of innocent animals to atone for their transgressions of His laws. Although God was considered the Father, who conceived in His wisdom, and out of whose love was born, the Earth and the Heavens, yet was He not known as the true Father of man because of their estrangement from Him through transgressions of sin, so that the best of them only considered themselves servants. It was the yearning of God to make mankind His true children, which led up to the institution of

#### The Second, or Sonship Degree.

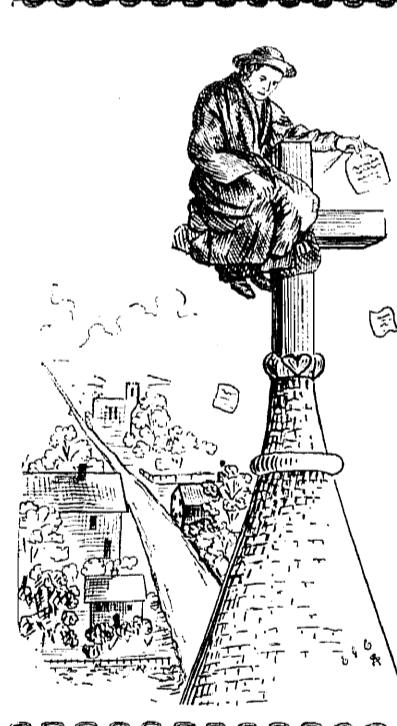
The true spirit, and with it the true purpose of the Order gradually degenerated, and finally was nearly lost, and only a few had the knowledge of true interpretation. The multitude of its priests were imposters who frequently persecuted the properly appointed Grand Masters, so that there came a time when the Order was in danger of decay.

To prevent such a catastrophe God gave His Son to take upon Himself the form of Man, and as such redeem the purity of the Order. He accomplished this by living in the physical body of man the true life of the Son of God for thirty-three years. His sinless life sustained His teaching, which was a true interpretation of the mysteries of the Order to mankind, and the Jews, who were the chosen people of God, were amazed.

Jesus, the Son of God, thought especially twelve disciples, whom He left in the world as the leaven that was to leaven the whole lump of humanity; these twelve apostles extended the

Jesus finally gave His life as the one sacrifice for the sins of humanity, thus doing away with the slaying of beasts for man's transgressions. His true followers received a full pardon for past sins, and He called them brethren, making them joint-heirs with Him, for as many as believed in Him they gave He power to become the Sons of God. The sign of this degree is THE BLOOD MARK on the heart's entrance, and the password is JESUS. The INITIATION into the second degree is called Repentance, and the acceptance if it the Second Birth. This new birth opens up a new world and a new understanding. It is also called the Awakening of the Soul, which means that the Soul becomes personally acquainted with His Saviour and retains Him as his constant companion.

The second degree replaces the Love of Self by the Love of God. Thisimplise the incoming of a passion that



urges man on to seek the salvation of others, and brings with it a wonderful power to conquer temptations. Without multiplying the instances of benefits to second degree members, it will be seen that their privileges are great, and their benefits many. Many are contented to stay there, especially since the initiation into the third degree is considered as expensive, painful and difficult. And yet there awaits the progressive soul the greatest honor and usefulness that God gives to mankind.

#### The Third Degree, or the Degree of the Fiery Baptism.

The degree was not open to anyone until after the mission of Jesus had been accomplished. When He had defied the powers of Death He promised the institution of this highest degree before He ascended to Heaven. The Candidates for this honor spent fifty days in preparation by prayer and fasting. It was necessary that the human mind be adjusted to the mind of God, the human soul to be tuned to the will of God, before the disciples could be accepted. After fifty days of prayerful waiting, the first Fiery Baptism took place. The effect was at once felt in the enormous increase of members to the Order.

The SIGN of this highest degree is the CROSS, and the password is SELF-DENIAL. Members of it have emerged from the babyhood of the Second

OF GOD, and so take possession of their inheritance as joint heirs with Jesus. They accept their responsibility and share in their Father's business, and its interest is above everything else, therefore supreme.

The world at large, and often even brothers of the lower degrees, do not understand them, but the initiated will discover in words and actions the fellow of the third degree without much trouble. Their souls recognize each other in mutual contact, which is often too sacred to be expressed in words, and the stamp of the cross upon all their doings shows them a Fellow of the Sons of God.

#### Wanted.

More applicants for the third degree. Quite true, it will mean the forsaking of personal interests; it will strike the death blow to worldly ambitions; it will entail the loss of some friend and the slander of evil-minded people, as well as the ridicule of so-called clever people; it will surely mean severe tests of your resolutions and vows, and the giving up, possibly, of your dearest, but—BUT in exchange it will bring that inestimable peace with your conscience that is beyond understanding and only known to the Sons of God.

It will bring with it glorious opportunities and power to snatch men from the clutches of that superhuman power of evil only to be overcome by the power of God, and the latter is at the disposal of the Sons of God. What is more worthy of sacrifice than to be able—when surrounded by difficulties, beset by perplexities, confronted by devils, encouraged by the echo of martyrs' declarations, and spurred on by Angels' shouts of applause—to press through it all and with the consciousness of fellowship with that Power that created worlds and directs the paths of stars to rescue from the teeth of hell immortal souls. Need you count the cost any longer? "No!" I hear

## WHERE ART THOU, LORD?

The parish priest

Of austerity,

Climbed up in a high church steeple  
To be nearer God,

So that He might hand

His word down to His people.

And in sermon script

He daily wrote

What he thought was sent from  
Heaven;

And he dropped it down

On the people's heads,

Two times one day in seven.

In his age God said:

"Come down and die."

And he cried out from the steeple:  
"Where art Thou, Lord?"

And the Lord replied:

"Down here among My people."

you say—then renounce and be baptised with the Holy Ghost and with Fire.

#### The Finale.

Listen! When the soul of the third degree member crosses the River of Death angels will be waiting to clothe him with the full regalia of the Order: The White Robe, the Palm and the Crown of Life, and so arrayed he will stand before the dazzling White Throne and hear from the lips that spoke light into existence, the words: "WELL DONE!" They shall vibrate through his being with thrills of ecstasy, and in unutterable adoration he will sink before Him on the Throne and join into the songs of the Sons of God: "UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER: TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER." B. F.

#### He Didn't Know Their Ways.

(From a New York paper.)

Deacon Farfromhome (who had just purchased a War Cry from a Salvation lassie and watches her entering a saloon): "Well, who'd a thought it! There, I gave that lassie five cents for her paper, and straight off she goes to spend it for

## A SINNER'S DEATH.

Pro. i. 28.—"Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer: they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me."

When I was stationed at S—, one night I was called upon to go and visit a young man who was sick. I went at once and saw the young man, who was about twenty-six years of age, in a very sad state of mind. He was nearing eternity unsaved. He seemed pleased to see me and ordered all the rest out of the room. Then he said to me, "I don't think I am going to get better. I want to repent," but his mind was so weak that he could not keep his thoughts on one thing long at a time. I read God's Word and prayed with him. He tried to pray, but found no peace to his troubled soul. Everything seemed as hard as brass, and his awful glaring look of despair was very sad to witness. He was in misery. It seemed as if the pangs of hell had already got hold of him. He said, "I am under the power of the devil."

I have thought many times since that if hell isn't any worse than what it was to be in that room with that young man, it is something dreadful. I was alone with him one night for about seven hours, and during that time I don't think there was a minute but what he was cursing and swearing awfully. By all account he went to meet God in that miserable condition.

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still," etc. Rev. xxii. 11.

Dear reader, is your soul saved, if not, be wise and seek the Lord while He may be found, or you may be as that young man, or like the rich man in hell, pray when it is too late.

DON'T BE DELUSED BY THE DEVIL. He will tell you that there is time enough, but God says, "Behold now is the day of salvation."

THERE IS NO PROMISE OF TOMORROW. Remember what God has said: "They shall call upon Me, but I will not answer."—Ensign W. Orchard.

## SIN.

SIN is an instrument of death. It may be hidden, but it works. It shuts out God, and closes the way of communication between earth and heaven. It saps the very foundation of our health, and we cannot ask for Divine strength if we continue in sin. The body will rebel if made an instrument of sin; it will not hold sin and health at the same time; we cannot have two masters. Sin has no place in our bodies or souls, only as an intruder, and interloper, and the Blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin, and the Holy Spirit keeps us clean by His indwelling presence and power. Sin must have no dominion over us. How it ruins bodies! It enters to waste, and then to destroy, leaving its dirty finger-marks on everything it touches; it creates disease, accumulates pain, and loses life. It not only demoralizes the body, but it carries away with it mind, virtue and character, and utterly ruins faith, confidence and assurance.

#### Hidden Sin.

We seem to think it is not so bad if not known; secret faults—sins, eat like a canker, and unships the rudder, and leaves us to the mercy of the winds and the waves. If we regard it, God will not hear us; and we cannot sin and pray, for it ceases to be prayer if sin controls. Purity is necessary if the Holy Ghost abides. Only in such an atmosphere can He live; and He will create such an atmosphere, if we will seek, and entirely put away our sin. There must be no deceit, no reservation, for He knows the heart and we cannot deceive Him. Settle the matter—no sin. Chastity, is the only condition in which the abider can possibly abide. It is the enamel of the soul—white, clean, pure, and sweet; let sin eat off the enamel, and the ache and pain fills life with misery and no peace. Waste not soul and body in sin; touch sin, and there is a mildewed soul, soiled and sodden, wasted and lost. The Holy Ghost keeps from sin, and fills with health, strength, blessing and beauty, the bodies as well as the souls of men.

## FOR ME.

Love for a world of sinners given,  
Love for the sad from a heart once  
riven,

Love opening up the way to Heaven,

Love coming down to me.

Grace lifting out of deepest mire,  
Grace leading every day up higher,  
Grace leading every day up higher.

# The Sin of Ananias AND Sapphira

BY THE GENERAL.

HERE is a woman and a man here; they are married. When they took each other's hands at the altar, and knelt at the bedside, they said, "Lord, we are Thine, and all that comes of our marriage shall be Thine. If Thou dost give us children, they shall be Thine—Thine without reserve, to work and fight for Thee."

God gives them a beautiful babe; they take it to the altar, if they are Army people, and have it dedicated, or if church people, they have it baptized, it may be, or go through some other form of service, according to their church. They tell God they are going to take it and train it for Him. The child is a treasure; it is like a little angel from the heavenly shore, until there come a lot of canting people, who talk about its pretty eyes, and this color suiting it, and the other color suiting it, so the poor mother is led away, and leads the father away and they dress it up and rig it out, and train it in the best way they possibly could if they wanted it to be a worldling, and help people down to hell. Yes, they put it on the altar saying it shall be a child of God, and then they take it off, take it back again—take back the price.

Then that young man here, the Spirit of the Lord comes to him in youth, with the romance of life fresh upon him. "Will you go to the uttermost parts of the earth? Will you help the poor lost souls of your own land? Will you work in the slums, help rescue the outcasts, the prisoners and harlots?"

The youth kneels down and says, "Lord, body, soul and spirit will be Yours. I will be a missionary. I will be an officer. All I have I lay upon Thy altar."

Then the temptations come; there is a chance to do a good stroke of business, a chance to get a comfortable settlement, or a wife, or a cottage; or someone reasons with him. Perhaps a mother, or father reasons: "You know you can serve God, but you need not go and be a martyr, you need not go and die as a missionary, you need not be a Salvationist, an officer, you need not go and be ridiculed and laughed at as you pass in your uniform marching about the streets, in order to serve God. You can serve God and be respectable; you can serve God and dress in a proper, decent manner. You can serve God, you know, without going to these extremes."

He listens to this backsidden talk and give up, goes down, breaks his vows, and takes back part of the price.

There are, I might go on, men and women who have gone back, taken back part of the price—or taken back all, for half, in this case, generally means all. When people think they have only lost a little power, THEY NEED TO SEE THINGS AS CHRIST PUTS THEM IN THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

They say, "We are all right. We don't want to have these fanatical Salvationists to come along, trying to show us we are wrong. Haven't we got a minister? Don't we go to church? Don't we subscribe to the funds? Don't we read our Bible? We're not thieves, nor drunkards, nor harlots, nor adulterers; we are very decent people."

That is just what Jesus Christ contends as to the Laodiceans. They were a nice sort of decent people,

#### NEITHER COLD NOR HOT.

He had rather they had been drunkards and harlots. There would have been a better chance of getting them saved. They kept back part of the price.

I am going to make a very commonplace remark here. I want you to take it to heart. If I had the power I would write it upon your memory in letters of living flame: IT IS JUST AS WICKED TO LIE TO GOD AS TO LIE TO MEN. It is just as wicked to promise and not perform in dealing with God, as in dealing with your fellows. I mean to say this: There are many men and women who, if they had a promise in their business, would expect to stand by it, gain or lose, whether the market should rise or fall. They would be indignant at a contrary suggestion. "What would say my word,"

and you can trust me in business, whether you have it in writing or not. I keep to my word. If I do not keep to my word I am a liar, and would be so branded in the market; and who would trust me or have anything to do with me?

There are many who, should they promise me twenty dollars to help the Social Scheme, and then find they could not very well pay, would come and say, "General, it is not convenient for me to pay just now, but you shall have twenty-five dollars from me in a month's time, from this date." You would reckon on keeping that pledge. If the

what a number there will be! How the world is going to swarm with backsliders. I look upon that deluge that came sweeping over the world three or four thousand years ago as entirely brought on by backsliders. It was a world of backsliders, and now we are getting backsliders whichever way we turn. They are in our meetings, we elbow them upon the street. If you buy anything in a store, you get it over the counter from a backslider; your milk is brought round by a backslider, and a backslider makes your clothes probably.

Someone was busy enough to make the calculation in a town I know very well, and he said that he reckoned that one out of every five persons that walked the streets of that town had, at some time or other, been a member of a church, but were now backsliders, and WERE NOT ASHAMED OF IT. They walk about, wrong-doers, traitors, runaways, trampers on the Blood, crucifiers of Jesus Christ afresh, modern crucifiers—and having no shame at that—blind, with no concern, having the light that was in them, darkness. If the light that is within thee, says Jesus Christ, becomes darkness, how great is that darkness.

Oh, if we could have a list of the men and women who, at some time or other, have knelt by their bedside, or knelt in the inquiry room, or knelt at the Salvation Army penitent form, or held the hand of a dying mother or wife, and promised with the last word that dying, dear one heard on earth,

but there stood Peter with the other disciples around about him, and the people were bringing in their offerings.

Here a man comes in: "I have sold the house for so much more than I expected. Here is the money. I wish I had a hundred to sell, I would bring them all to my Saviour. Take it, and make it with my prayers that God will make it a blessing."

Another enters: "Peter," he says, "I and my wife have sold all that magnificent furniture we had got together. We have cleared out the drawing room and have got some pitch pine in; it will answer just as well for the prayer meetings. Here is the money. Hallelujah! I wish I had some houses and lands to sell. I wish I had more to give to Jesus."

Still another. "Here is our jewelry, all the heirlooms; there is the engagement ring I gave my wife the year before I married her; there is the wedding ring; there are the rings out of her ears, the anklets and necklace, and the bracelets for her wrists. There is the gold chain I used to swagger about before I was converted; there is the golden-tipped, gold-mounted meerschum I used to smoke—there they are. I wish there were so many more. Take them and melt them down, and let the gold go to spread salvation."

Now old Ananias' turn has come. Poor Ananias! I am very sorry for him. He looks the picture of misery! I think he is trying to find some excuses. Is it not strange what excuses people make when they don't do their duty? Where is his wife? She was with him in the sin—she ought to be with him to help him through. Perhaps she has gone down town to buy some new clothes, or to buy a new drawing room suite. I don't know where she is, but Ananias is there alone. He sides up, hands out a bag of money, and Peter looks at him—Peter can see into him.

"Ah," thinks Peter, "you suppose we don't understand you when you try to trade on us and deceive us. We can see into you, we are not the fools you take us for—we understand." Peter had the holy Spirit in him, and he could see into Ananias, but he asks, "Is this all?" He wanted the answer straight from the man's own lips. Peter asks, and as the man replies, tells him that he has not lied unto man but unto God, and Ananias falls back, a corpse! He is carried out and buried. Three hours later his wife comes in. Peter puts the question to her, and receives the same answer. He tells her that the feet of those who buried her husband are at the door and shall bear her out also, and they carried her out and buried her beside her husband, and Ananias and Sapphira.

#### MET IN THE NETHER WORLD,

to spend unending years of woe in mutual recriminations and regrets.

Now, I want to know whether we do not find a great deal of this sort of thing now-a-days? Don't we see something like this when men profess to a consecration which they know they have never made; when men say they are saved when they are not, when you ask them? I shudder at going to ask people, sometimes, whether they are saved or not, for fear it should become a temptation to them to lie! Fifty years ago, when I first began to preach and to talk, I often asked people if they had found the mercy which I had to proclaim. I trembled sometimes at the false answers I got, and that we still get from such people.

In a certain city I had sitting on my platform a leading man in society there, an eminent man in civic matters, and also an eminent man in the House of Parliament. He sat listening to me. I knew he was a backslider. I knew he had two girls who ought to have been, and might have been, Captains in the Salvation Army, and would have been if it had not been for him. He sat listening to all I had to say. I expected him to fall on his knees, and start crying to God to have mercy on his soul. He never moved.

Before I left the city he came to see me, and I talked to him as straight as I possibly could. I asked him what he was going to do, and whether he was going to finish up a backslider? He turned upon me and told me plainly to my face that he was all right, and was a saved man. I should not have been the least surprised if he had fallen a corpse at my feet.

People lie, and say they are right, simply to get rid of you, simply to prevent themselves being talked to. Is not that like the sin of Ananias and Sapphira? Do not men commit similar sin when they profess the continuance of a state of a religious life, which they know they have long since lost; when they profess to a continuance of communion with God, when they know they are backsliders. What is that but the same sin? Do they not fall in the same track?"



THREE HOURS WAITING AT THE GATES OF HELL.

month came around and you could not pay, you would write to the Commissioner, explaining that circumstances had prevented you keeping your promise, but that she could reckon on having the money as soon as you could possibly arrange it.

Yet, the same men and women have promised God at some time or other what they would do for Him, again and again, and AGAIN—and have gone back upon their promises, AND HAVE NO CONCERN ABOUT IT. Lying to the Almighty, and not at all ashamed of it. They tell God what they will do, and then go back on it. Ah! but there is going to be a great white throne, and amongst the books that will be opened there, then, out of which men will be judged, will be a book, which is the

that they would do right, serve God, and meet them in heaven—if we could have a list of the men and women who have, at some time or other, vowed they would serve God, and then gone back on it, WHAT A LIST IT WOULD BE!

UNFAITHFULNESS TO CONSECRATION VOWS; LYING TO GOD, LEADS TO LYING TO MEN. One sin leads to another. You get one step wrong and then you take another to justify it; another wrong, and another to justify that. One step, and then you must take another, and then another, and then with your eyes shut—splash under the brimstone wave.

Ananias and Sapphira had failed in their promise. The time came—I do not know where it was, perhaps it was in the same upper room in which the Pentecostal power fell, perhaps it was in the shade of some green stretch-

RECORD OF BROKEN VOWS.

In a meeting not very long back, was a young man. Some officers gathered around him—he was a backslider. He had been an officer, I am sorry to say, in the Salvation Army, and yet, there he was arguing that he could not believe, did not know how THIS would happen, and did not know what THAT would lead to, when suddenly a voice rang in his ear: "WHAT IS THAT HIDDEN AND FORBIDDEN SIN THAT KEEPS YOU BACK?" He turned pale; he had been lying to people, making specious excuses, but now he said, "I am wrong, and although I have not made up my mind to get right, now I will be honest and tell you I have enjoyed this wonderful and blessed salvation of God, but have wilfully gone back from the knowledge of it."

One word in closing, about RESULTS. They are here plainly enough, and they are all around us to-day: In many cases the result of this kind of sin is the LOSS OF EARTHLY GOODS. People promise God they will give Him some money, and then they go back on it, and put it in the bank, and the bank breaks! Sometimes people have said to me, "Oh, General, I ought to have given you a thousand dollars: it was in my heart to do it, but I was induced to put it into that railway, or bank, and I have lost the whole of it." I wish I had had it—it would have been safely invested for time and eternity.

In many cases, too, this sin leads to the DEATH OF THE BODY. When I was a boy, though they used to hold the coroner's inquests then, the doctors did not understand so much about matters, and could not always settle what was the cause of death, yet they had to bring in a finding of some sort, to state how death came, so they used to find it

**"DIED FROM THE VISITATION OF GOD!"**

Ananias and Sapphira died from the visitation of God. GOD HAS NOT CHANGED. Sin is just as great an evil to-day as it was then. If you go to the cemetery and could read as perhaps angelic eyes can read, you would see written on the headstone of that grave, over that young man, "Held back from the service of God by his mother, and taken away in his prime." And on the slab over that talented girl, "Would not do the will of God; died from His visitation." Oh, how many there are so taken away. It surely leads to spiritual death if not repented of. Why is it we have this spiritual weakness and coldness. I very seldom get hold of any minister, or member of a church, who has got any heat or fire in him, who does not say, "General, General—splendid church, splendid architecture, magnificent minister, eloquence in the pulpit, devotion, large attendances, plenty of money, —"

"Getting any SOULS ? ? ?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Are you on fire, have you got the Pentecostal FLAME, are you white-hot for God and souls and the salvation of the world, are you bring it to Jesus' feet, and making men holy? ?"

"Ah, no sir," they reply. "It is very, very hard."

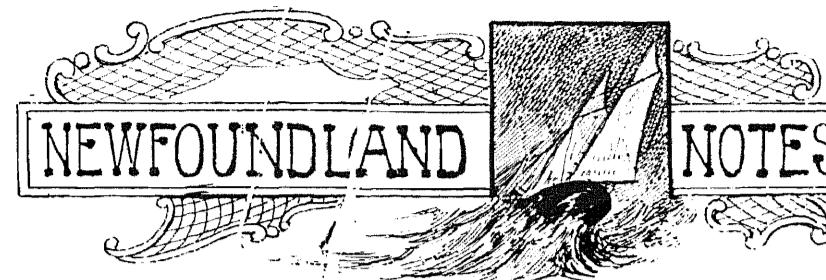
And yet in a thousand out of a THOUSAND cases it is the RESULT OF BROKEN VOWS, vows broken in the pulpit, vows broken in the pews. There are some churches packed full of men and women who have promised God what they would do, and then refused to do it! And in a good many cases, alas! they have gone on to do what God has expressly forbidden.

Poor Ananias went down to hell. I do not care what YOU make of it, though you may say you won't have that sort of hell. There IS A HELL, and it is a bad place to go to. Ananias went to hell with a lie on his lips. He went into hell, and I think, sometimes, of the three hours that he sat at the gates, watching for them to open, wondering and expecting that his wife would come in. Three hours like an eternity.

Did you ever stop to think, should you die to-day and go to perdition, how you might dread and wonder, and tremble and think, whether those black gates should next open to admit your wife, your husband, your child, led there by your life, your backslidings, your example? When you are in HELL will they come after, to join YOU?

Three hours!! THREE HOURS!!! And the gates slowly swing inwards—for hell's portals never open outwards—they fly together, Ananias and Sapphira, to curse one another for ever and ever—FOR EVER AND EVER!

How many people are damned for ever because they break their vows, and pledges, and promises! What is the remedy? There was no remedy for poor Ananias and Sapphira. I remember when a boy preacher I used to go to a little village to preach, and there was a holy woman lived in a neat little cottage, who used to give



ST. JOHNS III, Nfld.—We are glad to be able to report victory at No. 3. We had a real Blood-and-Fire meeting Sunday night. With us were Ensign Cave, and Capts. Burry and Norman. God wonderfully blessed and helped us. ONE young man volunteered to the penitent form, sought and found salvation, while quite a number of others were deeply convicted. We are believing for greater victories to follow. God is our helper. Praise Him forever. —Cadet G. Ludlow.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—Harvest Festival week was a week of blessing to our souls. Sunday we went three miles to hold an open-air, where some two hundred people met to hear us. War Crys all sold. Finances excellent. Monday night THREE souls found salvation and ONE on Tuesday night. Friday night was the crowning time, when SEVEN came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and with it all we shall get our target.—Capt. Moulton.

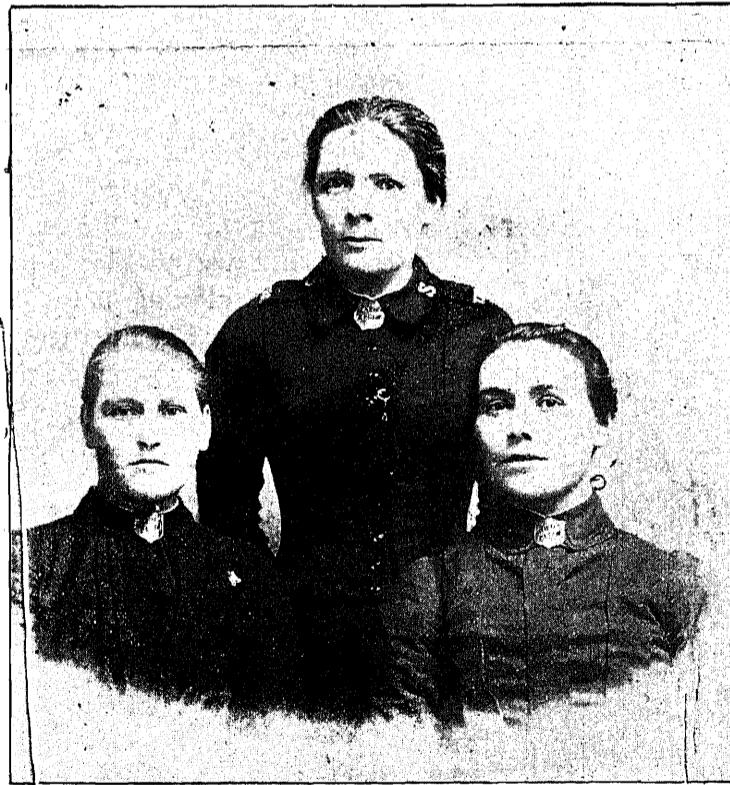
BONAVISTA, Nfld.—Victory is our battle cry. Since last report we can shout it. FOUR souls have professed to find salvation, three while visiting and one in the meeting. It would do you good, Mr. Editor, to see mother and daughter at the Cross in their own home. The daughter was the first to claim the blessing, and then on her knees she prayed for mother. We give Jesus all the glory.—Yours to win, E. Brace, Capt.

ST. JOHNS I.—Sunday, 18th, was an even tiful day for St. Johns I. Commencing with early morning knee-drill and dedication of Ethel, daughter of Bro. and Sister Barter. Holiness service a good, one man blessed with full salvation. At the night meeting a fierce struggle took place, which con-

tinued about three hours. TWELVE souls yielded. With Tuesday night came H. F. meeting, opened by Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by his staff. The reading of God's word and comment thereon by Brigadier, gave a good start to the meeting, and judging from the way the goods sold, I have good reason to say success attended our efforts. Hallelujah!—H. S. Cor.

CATALINA, Nfld.—Our D. O., Ensign Gosling, with us on Sunday, also Bros. Winsor and Penny, from Carbonean. Meetings largely attended. Knee-drill and holiness meeting were times of power and inspiration. Afternoon, barracks packed. Meeting opened with a swing. Harvest Festival was brought to the top. Every eye in the building was drawn towards the target, while the Ensign spoke of the numbers who are still in distress, and crying out for a hand to help them. We pledged ourselves to fight more desperately than ever during the coming week. Our prospects for reaching our target are brighter than ever before. At night God came very near, the words of truth were declared with power.—L. Shephard, Capt. M. Richards, Lieut.

LAMALINE, Nfld.—The past week has forcibly brought to us the words, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." A gloom is cast over the place on account of the sudden death of a dear man who was loved by everyone around. Sunday night he sat in his old place in the barracks apparently strong. The following Tuesday he did his work until afternoon, when in the midst of his work he was taken without a moment's warning. He is, as far as we know, gone to the bar of God with only good intentions. Sinner, beware!—M. Noel, Capt.



Capt. Hiscock, Ensign Boggs, Lieut. Sainsbury, St. Johns, Nfld.

me cups of tea. We used to talk together about the spiritual state of the people. There was a wicked, rich farmer, who pretended to be an infidel—infidelity is often the purest and emptiest pretence. He hated good people and the Bible.

One day she told me, "Mr. — is dead, and I am feared he is lost for ever!"

"How was it?" I enquired.

"It was a word, and a blow—he was well and sick and dead and lost, in five minutes."

Ah, there was no remedy there, either. Ananias and Sapphira went without remedy, and you may! Are you asking, backslider, "What is the remedy for me?" What can I say to ready you? You have broken your vows, and perhaps your mother's heart. What is the remedy?

**PAY YOUR VOWS.**

Pay them each one, and do it sharp and in full. You say, "I cannot; twenty years have passed away since I promised God He should have me, to do as He liked with me, and now I am grown old and infirm, it is too late for a change now; it is impossible, with my present circumstances, station, family, friends! What a pity! What a loss, too! But the remedy is: COME AND GIVE GOD WHAT YOU HAVE GOT. Only come and kneel at this mercy seat and tell Him, "Lord, I have broken my vows, and it is only of Thy gentleness and great mercies that I am alive to say it, but if Thou wilt only help me and save—I have heard that the wonderful mercy of Jesus Christ can reach even the vilest, even such a one as me—You shall have my heart and my all."

**Cabinet Echoes.**

By BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

The special meetings for soldiers and Christians being held in Toronto have been owned of God, and are proving beneficial to our people. . . . The General Secretary and Adjt. Manton recently conducted three Friday nights at Yorkville, all of them blessed seasons. . . . Last Tuesday night they commenced a series of three special meetings at Riverside, where there was an excellent audience and a very precious measure of the Divine presence.

Mrs. Brigadier Margerets commenced a three Friday night series at the Temple on Friday the 23rd. Concerning this meeting, one who was present said, "Not for a long, long time have I been in such a solid, satisfying meeting as that was," and the person to whom this was said responded, "That is the kind of truth upon which the Salvation Army has been nurtured—deep, spiritual, sustaining truth."

Adjt. and Mrs. Stanyon commence a three Friday night series of special meetings at Lisagr Street on September 30th. Very much blessing is anticipated. The subjects will be:

First Friday—Elijah's trust.

Second Friday—Elijah's triumph.

Third Friday—Elijah's test.

Staff-Capt. Galt writes, "I am charmed with the West. Like Winnipeg immensely."

The General Secretary's Department has more calls for the services of Adjt. Manton than it can respond to in the affirmative, the latest appeal being from Buffalo, from where a most eloquent request has been made for his services. Of course the Adjutant will go and give them his celebrated lecture "Sixty years of smiles and tears. Won't the Buffalo people have a gay old time? The Adjutant can be depended on, too, to do it all without degenerating into the frivolous and senseless, and if the Buffalo comrades are keyed to the right pitch and co-operate prayerfully and believably, we shall be surprised if there is not a good number of souls saved at the finish.

The brother of Ensign Parker, of the Quebec Shelter, who is in B. C., has been very badly injured. He fell into a fissure in a rock while prospecting in the mining regions, broke his arm and knee, and had to be pulled by his comrades through the bush for three days before he got any assistance. From latest reports he is doing well.

Adjt. Moore writes, after referring to his sad loss, "I am finding Jesus very, very precious. I am proving the grace I have so often recommended to others."

Adjt. and Mrs. Wiggins are announced to special at St. Catharines on Oct. 8th. The newly-married couple are setting a good example by starting into earnest soul-saving work so soon after the great event.

The Chief Secretary's meetings at Bracebridge are highly spoken of.

The Special who goes to Ensign Fox's corps can depend upon being announced—that is, properly announced, which is quite a consideration these days.

Major Southall writes, "Am very busy—Chancellor resting, 16-page Cry on, also S.-D., and so on, and so on, and so on, and so on ad lib," and yet like a man who has the real interests of the Juniors at heart, he has sent on some excellent material for the J. S. Manual. God bless him, and may the most important work in the Salvation Army prosper in his hands.

HAMILTON, Ber.—On Sunday, Sept. 11th, Comrades Duncombe and Smith farewelled for the Training Home (this making three that the Hamilton Corps has given to the Field. God's power was felt during the day, and the last words of our comrades will long be remembered. Adjt. Matthews spoke in reference to the lives of our comrades and their call to the Field. We finished up the day with a real hallelujah wind-up. At the close of the meeting everybody stood while the dear old colors floated above the heads of our two comrades and we sang that grand old chorus, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." —Yours, under the Flag, W. J. C. Howe, War Cor.



## Tares or Wheat! Which?

By PROFESSOR MUDD, Australian Industrial Farm.

**A**H! that is the question! How very difficult to tell. So much alike. The same habit, color, height and appearance. Only differing in fruit. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The TARE of Scripture is not the TARE of the British farmers. Our tare is a member of the pea tribe of plants, and is in fact a wild form of the Leritil. Tares and Leritils belong to the Eryum family. The Tare of St. Matthew's Gospel is what farmers call Bearded Darnel, or Poisonous Rye Grass. It is the Lolium of botanists, and was a very common pest in the corn fields of Palestine. The seeds are poisonous. The Wheat of the Gospel is the Triticum Cestivum of botanists.

When our Great Master gave that wonderful illustration of the nutritious Triticum and potacious Lolium, He knew what He was talking about. These two families of plants are closely allied. The Lolium is a degenerate Triticum. The Darnel is

## Wheat Gone Wild.

These two families are closely allied—so are the subjects of the Heavenly and Earthly Kingdoms. The Darnel is Wheat gone wild—so is a wicked man. The Lolium is a degenerate Triticum—so worldlings are on the downward tendency.

Under certain conditions these two plants—Triticum Cestrum and Lolium Timulertum—are barely distinguishable from each other. If the summer is very wet and cold, the Wheat does not develop its full distinctive features. It becomes elongated and stained. The Darnel, however, thrives under these conditions so unfavorable to the Wheat; hence there becomes such a resemblance between them that it is only when the fruit is ripened that they can be separated from each other.

In times of worldly prosperity, booms, and such like, the member of Christ's Kingdom very often gets drawn into transactions and close intercourse with the world's doings that their characteristic traits become somewhat defaced and render them almost inseparable from the world.

Hot summer, favorable to the development of fine ears of Wheat, is not so favorable to the Darnel.

## Living in the Fire

of God's Spirit stamps those of the Kingdom of Heaven with a brand which cannot be mistaken. In times of this world's troubles and adversities, when men outside the glorious Kingdom are heavy with grief and crippled with sorrow, we can go on producing fruit to the honor and glory of God.

"THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS IN THE FRUIT." They both generate alike, produce one seed leaf, then the blade—long grass-like leaves. In the same soil, under the same conditions they grow on and on, producing blade after blade, then the ears of—no, not Wheat—daily one produces Wheat, the other Darnel. The Wheat is gathered into barns, the Darnel into bundles and burnt.

## Separated at Last.

If Jesus intended this parable to be at any time in the world's history especially applicable it is at the present time.

Christians and worldlings are indistinguishable. There is such a running together of the hare and the hounds, a blending of Christ and the world, that is impossible to draw the line of demarcation. Our Master has, however, left us an unfailing test. "By their fruits ye shall know them." You may not be able to distinguish them in appearance. Their surroundings may be of the same and their habits correspond, but look for the fruit. Mark the result of their lives.

The fruit Jesus looks for is souls, souls, souls. Men and women made happy in this life and fit for eternity. O Lord, prevent us from becoming Tares.

We are always complaining that our days are few and acting as though there would be no end to them.—Ad-

## The Doubt Devil.

## HOW D'AUBIGNE'S DOUBTS DISPERSED.

Soon after his conversion, M. D'Aubigne, the well-known historian of the Reformation, was sorely assailed and perplexed by the sophisms of German Rationalism—so sorely assailed, indeed, that he was plunged into utterable distress, and spent whole nights without sleep, crying unto God from the bottom of his heart, and ransacking libraries for arguments and syllogisms to repel the assaults of the adversary. At length, in his perplexity, he resolved to visit the venerable Klenker, of Kiel, a celebrated divine, whose whole attention for forty years had been devoted to defending Christianity against the cavils of

## Infidel Theologians,

and to lay his difficulties before him for solution. He did so. The learned professor listened patiently and sympathetically to his recital, and then said simply, "My dear young friend, even were I to succeed in ridding you of all these pestilent doubts, others would straightway spring up in their place. There is a shorter, completer way, thank God, of annihilating them. Do you just take them all to Christ, and cast your burden utterly on Him; just let Him be to you really the Son of God, the Author of eternal life, your Saviour from all sin, and my word for it, the very moment you thus feel your-

## Soldiers' Testimonies.

## Brother Maddock, of Fort William.

I well remember the night when my mother died. I was about four years old and was sleeping in the same room with her. A few minutes before she died she got up, walked over to my bed, kissed me and told me that I had a mother now but would not have one in the morning. In 1854, at the age of twenty I enlisted in the Queen's service, and soon after becoming a soldier I started to drink. The fearful appetite grew on me worse and worse until sometimes I would have to be carried home from the hotels. I came to Canada in 1861, with 10,000 of the Queen's troops, and was stationed at Montreal, serving there the balance of my time.

After my release, in 1864, I started to roam about in Canada and the United States, following up railroading, earning large wages constantly, but quickly spending my earnings. I would drink and drink as long as I could obtain it. Not until my last cent was spent would I go back to work.

After some years' wandering, I heard of Fort William, and like many others, followed the crowd to the place, seeking work. That was four years ago. I went to work, earned money and spent it in drink. Finally I got so low that I found it difficult to get work. I was generally to be found around the hotels, for I could not pass a hotel

## Helps for J. S. Workers.

## THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

The town of Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, contained about 600 inhabitants at that time, yet out of this small place came the Redeemer of the world. It was situated five miles south of Jerusalem.

**THE WISE MEN.**—They belong to a sacred caste of priests in the East, who made the study of the heavens their chief occupation, and were held in high repute because of the supposed knowledge. These wise men from the East had been LED OF GOD to come from their distant home to Jerusalem in search of the new-born King. What surprise must have met them when they reached Jerusalem to find the entire population ignorant of the birth of their King! A blind beggar recognized in Him the Son of God, while the Pharisees saw in Him an impostor and blasphemer.

**FAITH OFTEN SPRINGS UP** in places where least expected. There was at that time reigning over Jerusalem a foreign king, Herod, who was placed on the throne by the Roman power, but now in accordance with the prophecies of years before, there comes the long-expected Messiah.

**HE WAS REJECTED**, both as Saviour and King, and is rejected by many to-day, nevertheless, He will reign. Guided by a star the wise men enquired for Him that they might worship Him. It was not curiosity that prompted them, **THEY WANTED TO FIND JESUS**. The Jews never found Him, because they had no purpose or desire to worship Him. Jesus is revealed not to the "wise and prudent," but to the "babes" who long for salvation and are ready to worship at His feet.

**HEROD TROUBLED.**—The news of the birth of Christ was a menace to him. He was an usurper, and knew that the Pharisees would seize on any pretext to dethrone him, hence he was afraid of a rival.

**HEROD'S PLANS.**—Under a pretense of giving information to the wise men, and desiring himself to see and worship the Messiah, Herod gathered all the chief priests and scribes together and "demanded of them" where Christ should be born. The testimony of the priests and scribes was that Bethlehem was the place where Christ should be born.

**HEROD'S HYPOCRISY.**—As soon as he had obtained the information he sought from the scribes, he then enquired of the wise men what time the star first appeared. Their reply evidently had something to do with the massacre of the children some little time after. The presence of God makes wicked men tremble.

**WORSHIPPING JESUS.**—The wise men followed the guiding star until it led them to the right place. There is always joy in following Jesus and in knowing that we are led by Him. It is not enough to see Jesus, we must accept Him as our Saviour and yield ourselves to Him.

**THE GIFTS OF THE WISE MEN.**—By their act of worship the wise men recognised and accepted Jesus as the King whom they had been seeking so long. Then they laid down before Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. They evinced a sincere desire to give Jesus the best they had, but He not only wants the best but all. Let us present ourselves to Him like that, which is our reasonable service (Romans xii. 1). He claims this because He has created and redeemed us, and wants to save and sanctify us.

The story shows us the manner in which an unseen but ever watchful power overrules the purposes of men. There is no counsel against the Lord.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Name the place where Jesus was born.
2. What was the population of Bethlehem?
3. How far was it from Jerusalem?
4. Who was king there?
5. How were the wise men directed to Jesus?
6. What did they do when they found Him?

## MEMORY TEXT.

"They rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

## COMING SOON!

## "THORNS."

By the Field Commissioner.

## "THE GERMAN WAR."

By Commissioner McKie.

## "JACOB."

By Brigadier Complin.

## THANKS.



ET me thank you, ladies and gentlemen of the Salvation Army, for the way you have voted for Prohibition. As the representative of the large and important family, GRAIN, I can say that we enjoy being collected by your inveterate workers, and do not object to being given as an offering to the Lord in your Harvest Festival Effort, for we know you will use us rightfully for the sustenance of life in the mortal body. But we do object to be given as an offering to the devil by being abused in the manufac-

turing of intoxicating drinks, I hope, ladies and gentlemen of Canada, that Prohibition will soon make any sinful use of our family impossible.

## CEREAL GRAIN.

self consciously settled in His grace, all your

door if I had money enough to buy a drink.

Doubts will Utterly Disappear; these difficulties of detail will no longer stop or stumble you; nay, the light which will fall upon you from Jesus Christ will disperse all your darkness, and make all within you rejoice."

The young man resolved to follow the advice of this venerable teacher. He returned to his inn. He opened his Bible, and, somewhat strangely, the very first passage that arrested his attention was the words of Paul: "Now unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think."

## He Fell on His Knees.

"Of myself, O Lord," he cried, "I can do nothing. Do all Thyself; I believe Thou canst; I know that Thou wilt." And it was done. "When I arose," says this industrious man, "from my knees in that little room at Kiel, I felt as if the wings of my faith was renewed like the wings of eagles. And from that time onward I comprehended that what I needed to free my mind from doubts and give me peace was not arguments, not syllogisms, but Christ—the living Christ—so working in me by His spirit and power as to save and sanctify me fully. The moment I felt the touch of His hand, saw His face, felt His presence shining out in my heart, all my inward anguish was gone, and God vouchsafed unto me peace like a river."

It might have been—how sad, yet true! As memory recalls to you The time when Jesus once before Knocked at your hard heart's bolted door.

A Character Sketch.

# Daniel.

By  
Adjutant  
Mrs. Stanyon.

HO shall say what far-reaching, wide-spreading, world-moving issues shall spring from the germ of a mother's influence, born of sincere desire and holy ambition to see the tiny feet of her little one beginning to tread the path that leads to heaven and God.

The world, from its earliest history, owes much to parents of many a hero and heroine, who at some critical moment have stepped upon the stage of time, assisted by the powers of heaven, and with blazing hearts and fiery tongues and red-hot energies, have so moved upon the very heart of Christendom as to bring about reformations and transformations which have caused the world to wonder, Hell to tremble, and Heaven to rejoice.

The subject of our sketch was one who—in all probability—owed much to the holy influences and teachings of his Jewish home. Jehovah was loved and worshipped there, and the same zeal which

resolution, showing the strength of his old-home-influence and the sufficiency of Jehovah.

#### He was a Lad of Decision.

He took his stand for RIGHT and was ready to stand alone—but his courageous attitude soon inspired others to stand with him, and they linked hands declaring by their actions their loyalty to the God of Israel, and that little band with the principles of Truth and Righteousness within them, with fixed purpose of heart, defied every power and met unflinchingly every foe, and stood as God's nobility in the Kingdom of Heaven, although on earth only the captives of an earthly monarch.

DECISION! How many have ignominiously failed and made shipwreck of their character for want of this virtue! Bright hopes blighted! Influence weakened! Sorrows multiplied! God dishonored! Heaven disappointed! Victories lost when nearly won! ALL FOR WANT OF DECISION. Daniel had it, and so has every man and woman who has ever achieved anything great in the interests of God and humanity in any generation.

led and a brighter day dawned. But Daniel, knowing so well the weakness of human nature, resolved to have set times for prayer every day. By this means he could keep in touch with Heaven, and be the recipient of those blessings which God always gives so liberally to the seeker, and under four successive monarchs, in a post of honor, fraught with heavy responsibilities, he was faithful to his Heavenly and earthly king. His devotion to the country's interests was noted by his royal master, who, in return, made no secret of his confidence for and confidence in Daniel. He took his religion into his work, and amongst the cultured in the highest places it spoke loudly of an indwelling conquering power to which they were a stranger. His whole life was so spotless that even his enemies bore witness to his faithfulness, although they hated that dignified, pure and lofty character which exalted him to wondrous heights above themselves. They even thirsted for his blood and planned for his destruction! They argued who was this foreigner that he should find such favor at Darius' court? They contrived to plan and scheme that this praying man's lips might be sealed forever, but they failed to find any charge against him under the ordinary law, so they invented a new one for this express purpose.

#### He was Faithful in the Face of Death.

The plot was laid, the law was made, the decree was signed, and sent forth

a strong heart, a steady faith, and unflinching courage he emboldened the peril, pain and death, rather than dishonor the God of his mother and country.

He was thrown to the lions, but God had sent an angel to close their mouths, and His child and soldier stood in their midst unharmed and untouched. It was an opportunity for the king's sincere affection and sorrow to be known. Even HE had been taught to have faith in the ability of Daniel's God, for as his favorite minister was being hurried to the place of destruction, Darius said, "Thy God whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee."

Daniel was preserved, his enemies devoured, and God marvellously magnified in the eyes of the whole nation, and a witness has stood out before all ages declaring the possibility of man being faithful to God and His purposes at all times, under all circumstances, and in all vicissitudes of life.

Can God reckon on US as He reckoned on His servant of old? Have we come up to His expectations in the tests of our life, or have we been a disappointment? Has not fear of man and fear of pain often defeated the fulfillment of our very best desires and ambitions? Oh, that God will strengthen those principles within us that we may belong truly to Daniel's band, men and women who are ever found amongst the strong, the faithful, and the true!



constrained the parents to train their son for God, possessed the lad's own heart, and at a very tender age he manifested that force of character and faithfulness of his convictions which so strongly influenced his own and a multitude of other lives.

He was a hero of the truest type and finest quality, and his mighty, world-affecting conquest wrought by simple faith in that life and death crisis, has inspired thousands to loyalty to God and conscience at all costs. At the time of this great battle, Daniel was an old man, but from his childhood, strength of character had so developed by the practice of self-sacrifice and faithfulness to duty whether small or great, that when the fiery test of his life came, he found himself in the face of death itself just as he had ever been—CONSECRATED TO DUTY!

Look at him when under the fiercest temptation and the most glorious prosperity.

He has just been brought captive from Jerusalem and put down in the midst of the dazzling splendours, luxuries and heathenism of Nebuchadnezzar's court. Surrounded by these influences some young men would have reasoned, "I can't help myself, I must do as the Babylonians do. I shall have to be a victim to circumstances." But Daniel "purposed in his heart" to put down his foot upon the wrong and do the right, resolving to be or do nothing unless his conscience approved; and he was faithful to his

Are WE standing amongst the army of the faltering, hesitating, questioning, and weak, when we should be amongst the strong, the sure, the decided, and the out-and-out for God? Are we?

#### He was Faithful to His Convictions at all Times.

When once convinced of what was right he set his face like a flint to carry it out. HE WAS FAITHFUL! Indeed that faithfulness seemed to be the keynote of that budding life. It was stamped upon the smallest as upon the greatest duty. His deep-rooted principle made it impossible for him to deal differently with the one than with the other. He realized that SMALL things test life—that every day is filled with them—and to be faithful in these is to establish a character for faithfulness. What seems small to us may have infinite and eternal consequences!

#### He was Faithful in Prosperity.

When promotions and honors made him fill one of the most responsible positions in that remarkable land as statesman, his spirit retained its simplicity, his heart its favor, his conscience its sensitiveness as of old. Ah! prosperity has often been the greatest of tests to faithfulness! Many a man who has fought his way through fierce temptations and vanished his foes on every hand, and stood immovable by his conviction of rightness in adversity's darkness, has gone down and miserably failed when the mists have

"That no man was to pray for thirty days to any God, under the pain of death." Daniel heard it, reflected upon it, and realized to the full the consequences of disobeying the royal edict, and then with the same prompt decision which characterized his youth, he consecrated himself to his duty FOR LIFE OR DEATH. Defiance could not be detected in his attitude, only the brave countenance in carrying out the old plan which had so often touched the very heart of Jehovah Himself, and thrown open the flood-gates of Heaven, filling to overflowing his heart with those blessings which had increased his peace and power, and made him to stand as a conqueror over the world, the flesh, and the devil times innumerable.

Of course he prayed on—he could do no other—his windows must still be opened towards Jerusalem, his beloved native land, the seat of his best affections and dearest hopes! His courage was heroic, his confidence sublime, his trust perfect!

*"Give ME the faith that dare do right  
That keeps the weakest brave and strong,  
That will for Jesus nobly fight  
That turns life's sorrows into song!  
That passes through the fiery test  
That lives and gives and does its best."*

His enemies discovered and the charge was made which he could not deny! What a moment! Heaven was watching, Hell was anxious, and Babylon was curious. But this hero of God came up to the great crisis of his life a conqueror! He had conquered all through, and with

#### THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any current numbers of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work.

Will comrades or friends send parcels of literature when read to the following officers and Mercy League Sergeant-Majors:

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple  
LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Major Southall, Clarence st.  
HAMILTON Ont.—Mrs. Captain Dodge, Rebecca st.  
MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 256 University st.  
GUELPH Ont.—Mrs. Dawson.  
VICTORIA B. C.—Mrs. Captain Lacey.  
ST. JOHNS Nfld.—Ensign Toyell, 28 Cook st.  
WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Habirk.  
HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis st.  
ST. JOHN N. B.—Adjutant Jost, 65 Elliot Row.  
FREDRICKTON, N. B.—Captain Bishop.  
SPOKANE, Wash.—Adjutant Langtry, 732 Fourth  
HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Mrs. Whitman.  
OTTAWA, Ont.—Mrs. Webber, Salvation Army.

or send addresses of those having periodicals to dispose of to Mrs. Brigadier Read, League of Mercy Secretary, Toronto Temple.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one whom they are interested in prison write to Mrs. Read, Albert st. Toronto, sending stamp for reply.

Emptying the soul is essential. Without it nothing else of any definite value in holiness work can be accomplished. Nevertheless, emptying the soul from sin after all is only a negative—a taking away of something that ought to be removed—while the pentecostal infilling is the real, the rich, the essential part of holiness.—Rev. E. I. D. Pepper.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

BRIGADIER MARGETTS, Territorial Secretary, to be LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.  
STAFF - CAPTAIN HARGRAVE, Chancellor C. O. P., to be MAJOR.  
Lieut. Lemon, of the Financial Office, to be Captain.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.

No Officer who can possibly arrange to be present at the Sixteenth Anniversary Meetings should be absent. For particulars see announcement on page 16.



## Congratulations.

Our Staff and Field Officers, as well as our soldiers in every part of the Territory, will hail with joy and satisfaction the Field Commissioner's recognition of the long, able and faithful service of our beloved comrade, Brigadier Margetts, in his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. That he is deserving of it, will be admitted, we believe, without a dissenting voice in the Territory. Our Territorial Secretary is known in every part of the country with the exception of parts of the Pacific Province, and even there he will be known shortly, as he is now planning a tour of inspection through the North-West and Pacific Provinces, to be made immediately after the Anniversary meetings.

Staff-Captain Hargrave also is well known in Ontario, and his promotion to the rank of Major will cause general rejoicing, especially among the Toronto troops, where he is best known.

Right heartily we congratulate the Territorial Secretary and the C. O. P. Chancellor on this occasion.

## The Plebiscite.

The populace of Canada has registered at the polls a glorious victory for the Prohibition cause. Outside of the Province of Quebec the total majority for Prohibition is about 62,000 votes, but the Province of Quebec giving a majority of 38,000 against, reduces the majority for the Dominion of Canada to about 24,000. These figures are not final, since complete returns have not reached us as we go to press, but only unimportant changes will take place. We thank God for this strong expression of a nation for the cause of Temperance, and pray that the Government will speedily introduce a Prohibition law into Parliament.

## The Anniversary Meetings.

The excellent notes of the General Secretary on this page, and the detailed announcement on page sixteen, should be carefully read by every officer, soldier and friend who is going to be there. There is no mistake but that we shall have a most glorious, inspiring, convicting, enlightening, soul-saving, devil-slaying, heart-searching, spirit-lifting series of public and private meetings. Let us pray, believe, expect and work for this aim, and we shall receive not only our share, but return to different parts of the Territory with plenty to spare wherewith to bless others.

THE BIGIGO  
OF THE YEAR.

## YOU BE THERE!

Sixteenth Anniversary Gathering at  
Toronto.

## The Dates.

Yes, they are from October 19th to 27th, but you—that is, if you are a soldier or friend—will be more concerned to know the dates of the GREAT PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS and the SOLDIERS COUNCILS, therefore read the announcement on page 16 carefully.

Just think of it, you who delight in a big meeting, with hundreds of officers and soldiers to swell the mighty chorus of praise to Christ! What a time we shall have! Glory! Glory! Glory!!

## Railway Arrangements.

"Live too far off."

Nothing of the kind. My dear sir, you buy a SINGLE ticket and procure from the ticket agent a "Standard Certificate" at the same time. The ticket agent does not know what you are after, so do not ask him for a "cheap ticket," or return ticket, just GET A SINGLE TICKET and a STANDARD CERTIFICATE and you are all right for the return journey, by the payment of an extra 15 cents.

## How is it Done?

Doubtful?

You needn't be. It's all O. K.

Your Standard Certificate you will hand to Capt. Welsh at Headquarters (office on ground floor of Temple) who sees the Railway Authorities, for their magic little stamp does the trick. Just think of it, only 15 cents over the single fare—why, you can afford to bring your aunts and cousins.

## Getting Home Again.

We ought not to talk about getting back at this early stage of the proceedings, but some of you are so awfully long-headed, you won't budge an inch till you can see right through to the finish. Well, well, you're right, a bigger dose of caution would save many a disaster, but by this arrangement with the railways, you can return on presentation of your certificate duly stamped on Thursday or Friday, Oct. 27th or 28th, but take my advice and stay over that Thursday meeting. It will be a stunner.

## Miss Booth Speaks.

"When is Miss Booth speaking in the city again?" is a common query at Toronto.

"You've never heard Miss Booth?"

What? Within 500 miles of Toronto and not heard Miss Booth? Sir, don't you miss your chance. There's three addresses to be given at the Pavilion on Sunday, then there's the Soldiers' Council—and, my word, you ought to hear the Commissioner in a Council—lastly, there is the great Church Meeting. Talk about a TORRENT of eloquence, just you come and see what God can do with the sanctified heart and mind and tongue.

## Where Shall I Sleep?

Where?

On the doorstep perhaps, if you don't ask Brigadier Gaskin for a billet before 17th Oct.

Now you know the date, and don't you knit your beautiful brow if you have nowhere to go because you did not ask for a billet early enough. "Nuff sed."

Say, what fun! This par is only for officers—and who could think of them being late?

## Workmen's Hotel.

Yes, the other par was not for the soldiers, but this is. The Army has a hotel (not licensed, of course) at the corner of Wilton Av. and Victoria St., and if you drop a post card to Ensign Burrows he will reserve a bed for you, and provide meals. Here's the tariff. It's very cheap!—

Beds, 10 cents each night.  
Meals, 10 cents each meal.

Now, isn't that right into line with your way of thinking? A Salvation spree for a few cents. "Sure an' you ought to know."

## Get Blessed.

Yes, get blessed. You will need to come with that object in view. There are many pleasant associations and side issues to such great gatherings as the October Congress, but the main thing is to make it a time of spiritual profit. Have you sins unpardonable?

Thank God, there is Blood to wash your every sin away. Are you a child of God suffering the agony of occasional defeat? The Mighty River of Sanctifying Grace can deliver you, and He who redeemed you from sin and hell can and will come Himself to dwell in you as a mighty Deliverer, saving you to the uttermost, and making you in all things "more than conqueror." Is your vessel full of the glory of the Lord? Then come and get your capacity enlarged, and be filled again to overflowing—after all it is the OVERFLOWINGS that bless others. Lord, make us all to overflow.

"Oh, send another Pentecost,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Quicken Thy saints, bring back the  
lost,  
Revive Thy work again."

THE COMMISSIONER  
AT COBOURG.

## A Meeting to be Remembered.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," the old adage hath it, but there are exceptions to prove every rule, and Cobourg is the one in point. The fact that its people had looked forward with so much anticipation to the promised visit of the Field Commissioner, of which under the stress of unyielding business, she had been obliged to disappoint them, did not detract one whit from the expectation rising in every heart when again her coming was announced.

The Opera House had been secured for the occasion, as being the only building capable of supplying adequate accommodation for the throng of Salvationists and citizens who had made firm resolve to see and hear the Army's Territorial Commissioner.

A theatrical company had been billed to occupy the hall on that very Friday but they very gracefully gave place to the Army's claim. Judging by the large and interesting throng which subsequently gathered to meet the Commissioner it is doubtful what the effect upon the theatrical company's crowd would have been, had they not given way.

Much enthusiastic demonstration voiced Cobourg's whole-hearted welcome, as the Commissioner, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, appeared on the platform. The meeting soon settled down into a serious consideration of the claims of God. The preliminaries paved the way for the Commissioner's convicting appeal. A stirring song, some soul-lifting prayers, and a solo from Adj't Morris—that old yet never tarnishing, "Jesus now is passing by." Little Willie's fair face and soul-touching singing struck chords of sympathy all over the building.

The Commissioner's address was a masterpiece. Her fervent talk forced the consciences of those before her to examine and decide upon the eternal truths of God. The Commissioner had stepped straight into the train from her work-encompassed office, and almost as directly from the railway depot to the meeting, and was feeling some consequent fatigue. But, as usual, putting all personal considerations on one side, she devoted herself to dealing with the soul needs of the crowd, with holy energy and force. God was with her, and those burning words will long wake echoes of memory to remind of the eternal realities of sin and salvation.

The prayer meeting was well fought and powerful. While the Chief Secretary held the reins the Commissioner slipped from her seat to personally persuade the halting. Not the least interesting of those she dealt with was the well-dressed business man, who dated his first religious impressions to the reading of the Commissioner's letter to the backslider, published in the War Cry some two years ago. An inspiring conclusion was the consecration covenant, joined in by the majority of the audience with linked hands and uplifted voices.

Owing to the urgent pressure of various important matters, more especially the preparation of plans and printers' material for the coming Self-Denial, the Commissioner was reluctantly obliged to cancel her appointments at Belleville, Picton and Cornwall. Comrades and friends at the disappointed places will understand and appreciate the Commissioner's over-crowded time, and instead of having a wonderful event to look back upon, have yet a treat in store.



The General's Sunday at Swindon was the scene of much awakening and definite result. Forty-eight sought salvation in the night meeting. It was sixteen years since the General had visited Swindon.

The Juniors are having a Harvest Festival of their own, which is being taken up with great spirit.

The General has made an appeal for help for the sufferers in the terrible tornado which recently swept over the Barbadoes. \$500 has already been dispatched from International Headquarters.

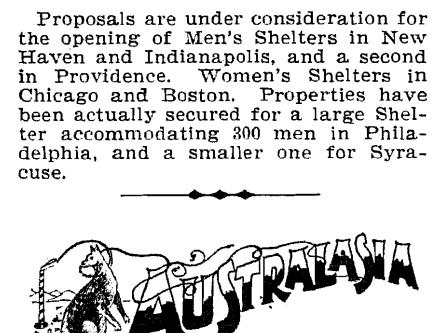
Attention has been called of late to the increase of drunkenness among the working women of the East-End. The Social Gazette is keeping its reputation for up-to-date news by a thorough investigation into the question in all its aspects.



Commander Booth-Tucker is organizing a great soul-saving and soldier-making campaign throughout the United States. It will be known as the Red Crusade.

The Harvest Festival has been a huge success. From figures already to hand it is reckoned that the total will surpass most sanguine expectations.

Another great gathering is to be held in the Carnegie Hall, on Oct 18th. The first session of Cadets will be commissioned for the Field, the Red Crusade will be launched, the Annual Social Report given, etc., etc.



The Self-Denial dates throughout Australasia are from October 15th to 21st.

A Preventive Home for Children has been opened in Brunswick.

The final meeting of the Central Social Annuals was conducted by the Commandant in the Melbourne Town Hall. Sir John Madden (acting Governor of Victoria) presided, assisted by the Mayor, the Minister of Railways, and other distinguished people. The crowded, enthusiastic gathering was a fitting climax to the brilliant series of Social Annuals which had gone before it.

Mrs. Booth was present at the Melbourne Town Hall, and made her first public speech after her late illness. She is reported as slowly gaining strength and before long hopes to be fully at the front again.

The system of Corps Cadets is now established. The Commandant dedicated a brigade of very promising boys and girls at the Melbourne City Temple.



The Sixteenth Anniversary of the Salvation Army's work in India was celebrated last September.

Self-Denial dates are Oct. 29th to Nov. 5th.

A Soldiers' Home has been opened at Bareilly, which is proving a great success.

Colonel Musa Bhai's health has been so seriously unsatisfactory that it has been necessary for him to go on a lengthened furlough to England.



Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has conducted special Field and Staff Councils at Bordeaux and Nimes, followed by public meetings. In spite of the very oppressive heat, good crowds attended and most blessed results are reported.

Self-Denial Week will be observed Oct. 23rd to 29th. The target is fixed at 73,000 francs (about \$14,50).

The Territory has now 5,130 enrolled soldiers and recruits.

Commissioner Railton is conducting a special campaign in the West of France. The meetings over which he presided at Rochefort and La Rochelle were particularly rich in heavenly blessings.

The Army has lost one of its bravest friends and supporters in this country, the Rev. Elie Vernier, who has been called home by his Saviour. At the request of the widow, Capt. Beraud, of the Valence Corps, offered a prayer at the funeral service.



In view of the urgent need for more officers a Candidates' Sunday is contemplated.

Commissioner Ridsdel's visit to Bulawayo was a triumphant time. The Commissioner is in good health, and pushing ahead with much aggression.

Plans are on foot to bring Kaffir Salvationists more to the front. Amongst them are effective speakers who will be of splendid service in town native work.

Social work is by no means limited to the Shelters. A Field Officer told that during two or three months, over thirty cases had been sheltered in his barracks and quarters.

A booming Junior work is going on amongst the Amaxosas. Brigadier Wilmer, the Provincial Officer for native work, writes jubilant of their Junior Soldiers' Annual, at which the little natives executed songs and drills with much skill. One hundred and thirty prizes were awarded to the children.



Brigadier Clibborn has visited England on important matters.

Officers have opened public meetings in Rome and Milan.

Brigadier Clibborn, back from London, has resumed his duties at the Turin Headquarters. He speaks most encouragingly of the work in the country.



A young man who disturbed the Salvation Army meetings at Content, Jamaica, was warned by Capt. Mullins that "the hand that dishonors God will be the one to bring him into trouble." A few days afterwards, while shooting on Sunday, his right hand was so badly injured by an accidental shot that it had to be amputated.

#### High Time at Riverside.

Major and Mrs. Horn, with his tall assistant, Ensign Adams, held forth at Riverside, Sunday, October 2nd. The meetings were good outside and inside and all day. Wound up at night with four at the penitent form.

#### Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon at Yorkville

Exceptionally good meetings on Sunday. A veteran of sixty years' Christian experience gave stirring testimony. Marches, congregations, and finances good. Capt. Rowe has this corps in good shape. Capt. Kerr welcomed as a soldier of the corps. Adjutant spoke with fiery vehemence. One sinner sought salvation at the penitent form.

# Reflections BY THE GENERAL.



LTHOUGH I have not troubled the readers of the War Cry with my Reflections of late, they will not, I hope, therefore conclude that I have given up reflecting, neither must they suppose that I have ceased to have matters under my observation worthy of being reflected upon; because never of late have more important matters been transpiring within the sphere of my influence, or have I done more reflecting on the same. Indeed, I think sometimes that if, in common with many of my comrades, I reflected less and believed more, it would be better for the Kingdom all round. Still, we must attend to the reflecting and not leave the believing undone. At least the Editor of the War Cry is of that opinion, seeing that he not only thinks that I should go on reflecting, but should give, as of old, some of my reflections to his readers, whom, he assures me, will be pleased to receive them. May I be allowed to hope that they will find some profit as well as some little interest in their perusal.

Brigadier Read and Staff-Captain Phipp.

Among other things that have forced themselves upon my notice, and compelled my consideration, and been the attentions of our old acquaintance—DEATH. Within the last few days he has taken from our ranks two comrades whom we could hardly spare. The Promotion to Glory of Brigadier Read has been already noted in these columns, and this week the report reaches me that Staff-Capt. Phipp has gone to join the Host above. The departure of both was sudden and unexpected, and they are truly mourned over by their General. To the dear bereaved ones, who are likely to feel the loss most acutely, I tender both my own sympathy and that of every comrade in the Army.

#### The Army Sympathises.

On the morning of the 20th instant, Evangeline Booth-Tucker, my twenty-eighth grandchild, went through the Gates of Pearl into the City of God. It is not difficult for me to believe that her dear grandma has received and taken charge of the child, who came to us with so much promise nearly three months ago, and that, under her watchful care, she will be trained up to celestial womanhood, and so made meet for the Master's use, whatever that may be. Of one thing we can be quite certain, and that is that Evangeline will be a joy to her dear Mother and Father when they meet again. She will have for her companions in her Heavenly home, the three dear Grandchildren who have already preceded her to the Hallelujah Land. I, too, shall meet them there.

I am sure that I am perfectly safe in assuring the Consul and Commander of the sympathy of every reader of the War Cry in this sorrow. The disease that carried the little one away was of the most acute and agonizing character, and at least one other member of the family was brought to the edge of the River by it. It has been a trying and painful affliction, but God will make it work for good.

#### An International Sensation.

Almost every reader of the War Cry will have heard of the Emperor of Russia's appeal to the Nations in favor of Peace. In this document he asks whether the time has not come when the increase of Armies and Navies, with the tremendous cost involved thereby, should not be arrested. I need not say that this appeal delighted me, and it is already known that I have said "Amen!" to it in the readiest and most emphatic manner possible. Lest my readers may not have seen it, I subjoin a copy of the telegram I forwarded to St. Petersburg immediately the information reached me:

"To H. I. M. the Czar, St. Petersburg.

"May it please your Majesty, I have received with profound thankfulness to God the news of your Imperial Majesty's wise, beneficent and Christ-like proposal in favor of Universal Peace. I cannot refrain from assuring you of the admiration of multitudes of Salvationists in all parts of the world, whose prayers will ascend to Almighty God for your Majesty and for the triumph of those principles of peace and righteousness for which they are ever striving, and which are moving

you to seek the true welfare of all Nations. This great act of Goodwill must for ever add to the honor of your Majesty's name and reign and Country.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General of the Salvation Army."

The Czar's Rescript has commanded universal attention, and has been responded to with the heartiest wishes for its success, each nation being willing to join in a compact to stop the multiplication of Soldiers and War Ships, if it can do so without any serious interference with its present possessions, or its ambitions to acquire more. Whether it will be regarded in any more serious light remains to be seen.

#### Universal Peace.

But what about the Rescript—a greater than that of the Emperor of All the "Russias"—issued two thousand years ago, brought down direct from the Throne of God, and which proclaimed Peace throughout all the earth and Goodwill to every man upon its surface? Is there any true ground of hope for Peace between the Nations while that injunction is allowed to remain comparatively dormant, if not actually a dead letter? The Peace contemplated in that Proclamation is

#### Threefold Character.

1. We want Peace between Man and God. How can there be any real and abiding Peace while men are at war with their Maker? That is the first business.

2. We want Peace in every individual man's own bosom. While men are fighting in their own souls—that is, inclinations pulling one way and conscience another—how can we hope for the patience, and forbearance, and benevolence that are essential to Peace abroad?

3. When men are friends with God and at Peace in their own minds, then may we hope for that beautiful, blessed benevolence and self-denial which will not only make Military Wars impossible, but end those bitter quarrels, strife, and contentions that are far more destructive of the happiness of men in this life, and their bliss in the world to come, than any conflicts between the nations can be.

While wishing all desired success to the Czar and everyone else who fights the demon War, the Salvation Army perseveres in her God-ordained task of promoting Individual Reconciliation with God, Individual Holiness, and Individual Consecration to the work of saving the multitudes who are living, and fighting, and dying at our doors. Comrades, we are going right: we only want to push along much faster.

#### An Extravagant Notion.

It has long been my belief—however improbable its realization may appear to be to the unbelieving world around me, religious, philanthropic, or anything else—that the working out of the Principles on which we deal with the Submerged Classes, would not only be effective in rescuing a large proportion of these unfortunates, and thereby stopping the multiplication of the Species, but also in making the Rescued pay the expense of their deliverance. This was to be obtained, in the first instance, by the value of the work done and the profits created by them while under our care; and, secondly, by the creation of a conscience in those delivered, which should lead them to repay the money expended upon them as soon as possible after going out into the world. Already hundreds, nay, thousands, of men dredged up from the depths of Poverty, and Vice, and Crime, are filling respectable and remunerative positions.

Why should they not give a portion of their earnings in life, and bequeath a share of their fortunes at death, for the support of the Institution that has been the means of their Salvation for Time and Eternity? Already something in this direction is being done, and the letter that follows, forwarded from Paris last week by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, illustrates my contention:

"To Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

"My dear Commissioner.—About three years ago, having fallen through my own fault into the deepest moral and physical misery, I met with the Salvation Army, which held out to me a saving hand, and drew me out of that position. I left the Institution a fortnight ago, during which time God

has particularly spoken to me. Not being able to find work, I enlisted in the Marine Infantry, and received a bounty of Two Hundred Francs.

"Of this sum I beg of you to kindly accept One Hundred Francs, which I send you by Post Office Order in this letter. I cannot call this action really a gift, for six years ago I found a Bank Note for One Hundred Francs in the public street. Being in an awkward position, I kept this money, but God showed me while with the Army that I ought to refund it. Unfortunately I had not the money then, but now that I possess it I hasten to do so.

"Do not think, dear Commissioner, that it is without an effort that I do this; but, glory to God, He has gained the victory! I trust in Him who every time that I have been willing to submit myself has not forsaken me, and I know that in my Regiment He will keep me faithful and take care of me.

"I beg you to do with this amount whatever appears to you to be most useful. I know that in your hands the money will be well placed. This sum in the Regiment would not have been of much use to me; perhaps it would have been a temptation, and it is with joy that I send it to you.

"Accept, dear Commissioner, the feelings of a grateful heart towards the Salvation Army.

"V—R—."

#### General Secretary and Adj't. Manton at St. Catharines.

The General Secretary and Adj'tant George Manton took a leading part in the special demonstration at St. Kitt's on Saturday and Sunday. Congregations and finances trebled, largely as a result of indefatigable efforts of Ensign Fox to thoroughly advertise the meetings. Waves of blessing swept over all. Soldiers received great uplift. Public impressed for God and right.

#### Central Councils.

A series of councils, at which the officers of the Bowmanville, Hamilton and Toronto Districts were present, were conducted by Brigadier Gaskin and the Provincial Staff, in Toronto on Wednesday, Sept. 26th.

Both sessions were marked by freedom and cheerfulness. Everybody came in expectancy for something good, and they were not disappointed.

A large united open-air meeting at the corner of Queen and Spadina was followed by a glorious meeting in old Richmond St. barracks. The building was nicely filled, and right through there was a good feeling, which now and again manifested itself in the outburst of Amens and Hallelujahs.

Testimonies full of life and enthusiasm followed in quick succession for about 25 minutes; then the heavy guns were placed in position, and a terrific battle followed. Music and song, mingled with the roar of the artillery; the position of the enemy was attacked and a desperate effort made to get them to surrender. The Brigadier gave a practical Bible reading. Mrs. Gaskin hit with effect. Mrs. Hargrave sang a sweet song, while Adj't. Barnes and others gave out some red-hot truth. The net was pulled in by Staff-Capt. Hargrave, and after a long struggle, just as we were about to close, a poor backslider returned home. Many were deeply convicted and wounded. They ought to have yielded, but put it off to some other time.

#### G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN SIMS.—Newport, Vt., Oct. 13, 14; St. Johnsbury, Oct. 15, 16; Barre, Oct. 17, 18; Burlington, Oct. 19, 20.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.—Minot, N. D., Oct. 14, 15; Devil's Lake, Oct. 16; Larimore, Oct. 18, 19, 20; Hannah, Oct. 21, 22, 23; Killarney, Oct. 24; Morden, Oct. 25, 26; Winnipeg, Oct. 27.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Essex, Oct. 13; Windsor, Oct. 14, 15, 16; Comber, Oct. 17; Tilbury, Oct. 18; Chatham, Oct. 19, 20; Thamesville, Oct. 21; Bothwell, Oct. 22, 23; Toronto, Oct. 24-31.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Newcastle, Oct. 13; Douglastown, Oct. 14; Chatham, Oct. 15, 16; Fredericton, Oct. 17; Woodstock, Oct. 18; Faslotee, Oct. 19; Houlton, Oct. 20; Calais, Oct. 21; St. Stephen, Oct. 22, 23.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Kirkefield, Oct. 13; Norland, Oct. 14; Kinmount, Oct. 15, 16; Fenelon Falls, Oct. 17; Riaboo, Oct. 18; Omemee, Oct. 19; Bowmanville, Oct. 20, 21; Oshawa, Oct. 22, 23.



### Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FTERWARDS we came to Paris, where my vanity increased. No course was spared to make me appear to advantage. One who had asked for me in marriage for several years, my father, for family reasons, had refused. But, a fear lest I should leave my country, together with the affluent circumstances of this gentleman, induced my father, in spite of his own and my mother's reluctance, to promise me to him, which was done without consulting me. They made me sign the marriage articles without knowing what they were; though I was well pleased with the thoughts of marriage, flattering myself with a hope of being set at liberty, and delivered from the ill-treatment of my mother.

I did not see my spouse-elect, at Paris, till three days before our marriage. I caused masses to be said all the time after my being contracted, to know the will of God. Oh, my God, how great was Thy goodness, to bear with me, and allow me to pray to Thee with as much boldness, as if I had been one of Thy friends.

The joy of our nuptials was universal through our village. Amidst this general rejoicing, there appeared none sad but myself. I could neither laugh nor eat, so much was I depressed, though I knew not the cause. But it was a fortaste God gave me of what was to befall me. The remembrance of my desire to be a nun, came pouring in upon me. All who came to compliment me could not forbear rallying me, because I wept bitterly. I answered: "Alas! I desired to be a nun; why, then, am I married? And what fatality has such a revolution befallen me?" No sooner was I at the house of my spouse than I perceived that it would be a house of mourning. The manner of living was different from that of my father's house. My mother-in-law, a widow, regarded nothing else but economy; whereas, at my father's house they lived in great elegance; and what my husband and mother-in-law called pride, I called politeness.

At the time of my marriage I was a little past fifteen. My surprise increased when I saw I must lose what I had acquired with so much application. At my father's house we were obliged to behave in a genteel way, and speak with propriety. Here they never harkened to me, but to contradict and find fault. If I spoke well, they said it was to give them a lesson. If I spoke my sentiments, they said it was to enter into dispute. They put me to silence in a shameful manner, and scolded me from morning until night. My mother-in-law conceived such a desire to oppose me in everything, that, in order to vex me, she made me perform the most humiliating offices. All her occupation was to thwart me, and she inspired the like sentiment in her son. They would make persons far my inferiors take places above me. My mother, who had a high sense of honor, could not endure that. And when she heard it from others, for I told her nothing, she chided me, thinking I did not know how to keep my rank, and that I had no spirit. I durst not tell her how it was; but I was almost ready to die with the agonies of grief and vexation. And what aggravated them all, was the remembrance of the persons who had proposed for me, the difference, the love they had for me, their agreeableness and politeness. All this made my position doleful, my burden intolerable. My mother-in-law upbraided me in regard to my family, and spoke incessantly to the disadvantage of my father and mother. I never went to see them, but I had bitter speeches to bear on my return.

My mother complained that I did not come often to see her, did not love her, was alienated from my own family, and too much attached to my husband. I had heavy suffering to undergo on both sides.

My husband obliged me to stay all day in my mother-in-law's room, without any liberty of retiring into my own, so I had not a moment's respite to breathe. She spoke disadvantageously of me to everybody, to lessen the affection some entertained for me, and galled me with the grossest affronts before the finest company. This had not the effect she wanted; for the more patiently they saw me bear it, the higher esteem they had for me.

To complete my affliction, they presented me with a waiting-maid who was everything with them. She kept me in sight like a governess, and treated me in a strange manner. For the most part

I bore with patience these evils. But sometimes I let some hasty answers escape me, which was a sort of grievous crosses to me, and violent reproaches for a long time. When I went out the footman had orders to give an account of everything I did. I began to eat the bread of sorrows, and mingle tears with my drink. At the table they always did something to me, which covered me with confusion. I could not forbear tears, and had a double confusion—one for what they said, and the other for not being able to refrain weeping. I had no one to confide in who might share my affliction, and assist me to bear it. When I would impart some hint of it to my mother, I drew upon myself some crosses, so that I resolved to have no confidant of my trouble. It was not from any natural cruelty that my husband treated me thus; for he loved me passionately, but he was hasty, and my mother-in-law continually irritated him about me.

Such weighty crosses made me return to God. I began to deplore the sins of youth; for since my marriage I had not committed any voluntarily. I laid aside the reading of romances. Novels appeared to me only full of deceit. I put away even indifferent books. I resumed the practice of prayer, and endeavored to offend God no more. I felt His love gradually recovering the ascendant in my heart, and banishing every other. Yet I had still an intolerable vanity and self-complacency, my most grievous and obstinate sin.

My crosses doubled every day. My mother-in-law, not content with the bitterest speeches in public and private, would break out in a passion about the smallest trifles, and scarcely be pacified for a fortnight together. These so impaired the vivacity of my nature, that I became like a lamb that is shorn. As my age differed from theirs (my husband was twenty-two years older than I), I saw that there was no probability of changing their humors, fortified with years. As I found that whatever I said was offensive, I knew not what to do. One day, weighed down by grief and despair, being alone, I was tempted to cut out my tongue, that I might no longer irritate those who seized every word I uttered with rage and resentment. But Thou, O God, didst stop me and show me my folly.

My condition in marriage was rather that of a slave than of a free person. My husband was gouty. This malady caused me many crosses. He had the gout twice the first year, six weeks each time. He was so plagued with it, that he came not out of his room, nor often out of his bed. I carefully attended him, though so young. He had that foible, that when anyone said anything to him against me, he flew into a passion. It was the conduct of Providence over me; for he was a man of reason, and loved me much. When I was sick, he was inconsolable. Had it not been for my mother-in-law, and the girl I have spoken of, I should have been happy with him. For most men have their passions, and it is the duty of a woman to bear them peaceably, without irritating them by cross replies.

The first year I did not make proper use of my afflictions. I was still vain. I sometimes lied, to excuse myself to my husband and mother-in-law. Sometimes I fell into a passion. But Thou, O my God, opened my eyes. I found in Thee reasons for suffering, which I never found in the creature. I afterwards saw clearly and with joy that this conduct, unreasonable and mortifying, was necessary; for had I been applauded here as at my father's, I should have grown intolerably proud. I had a fault common to our sex, I could not hear a beautiful woman praised without finding fault with her.

Just before the birth of my first child, they were induced to take great care of me, and my crosses were mitigated. Indeed, I was so ill, it was enough to excite the compassion of the most indifferent. They had so great a desire of having children to inherit their fortune they were continually afraid lest I should hurt myself. I took a fever, which rendered me so weak that I could scarcely bear to be moved, to have my bed made. When I began to recover, an imposthume on my breast, laid open in two places, gave me great pain. Yet all these maladies seemed only a shadow of troubles, in comparison with those I suffered in the family; which daily increased. I was also subject to violent headaches. Life was so wearisome that those maladies which were thought mortal did not frighten me

The sickness improved my appearance, and served to increase my vanity. I was glad to call forth expressions of regard; and when in the street, I pulled off my mask out of vanity, and drew off my gloves to show my hands. Could there be greater folly? After falling into these weaknesses, I used to weep bitterly at home; yet when occasion offered, I fell into them again.

My husband lost considerably. This cost me strange crosses; not that I cared for the losses, but I seemed to be the butt of all the ill-humors of the family. It would require a volume to describe all I suffered.

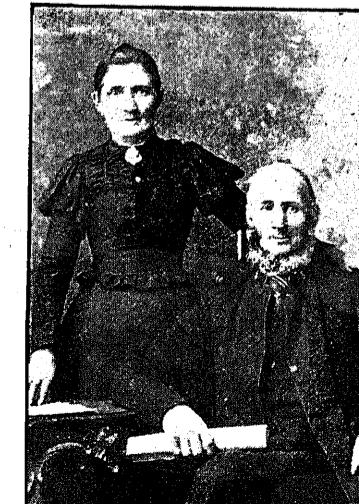
I would be totally silent with regard to their treatment of me, were it not for the injunction you have laid upon me, as my spiritual director, to relate everything.

I now dressed my hair in modest manner, never painted, and to subdue the vanity which still had possession of me, I rarely looked in the glass. My reading was confined to books of devotion, such as Thomas à Kempis and Francis de Sales. I read these aloud to the servants, whilst the maid was dressing my hair; and suffered myself to be dressed as she pleased, which took away the occasions wherein my vanity used to be exercised. I knew not how things were; but they always thought all well in point of dress. How often have I gone to church, not so much to worship God as to be seen. Other women, jealous of me, affirmed that I painted; and told my confessor, who chid me for it, though I assured him I was innocent. I spoke in my own praise, and sought to raise myself by depreciating others. Yet these faults gradually decreased; for I was sorry afterwards for having committed them. I often examined myself strictly, writing down my faults from week to week, to see how I improved. But, alas! this labor, though fatiguing, was of little service, because I trusted in my own efforts. I wished indeed to be reformed, but my good desires were languid.

At one time my husband's absence was so long, my crosses and vexations at home so great, that I determined to go to him. My mother-in-law strongly opposed it; but this once my father interfering, she let me go. I found he had likely to have died. Through vexation and fretting, he was much changed; for he could not finish his affairs, having no liberty in attending to them, keeping himself concealed at the Hotel de Longueville, where Madame de Longueville was extremely kind to me. As I came publicly, he was in great fear lest I should make him known. In a rage he bade me return; but love, and my long absence from him, surmounting every other reason, he relented, and suffered me to stay. He kept me eight days, without letting me stir out of my chamber; till, fearing the effects of such a close confinement, he desired me to walk in the garden.

I cannot express all the kindness I met with in this house. All the domestics served me with emulation, and applauded me. Everyone studied how to divert or oblige me. Outwardly everything appeared agreeable, but chagrin so ruffled my husband, that I had continually something to bear. Sometimes he threatened to throw the supper out of the window; but I said he would then do me an injury, as I had a keen appetite. I made him laugh, and laughed with him. This appeased and diverted him. Before that melancholy prevailed over all his endeavors and over the love he had for me. But God armed me with patience, and gave me grace to return him no answer; so that the devil was forced to retire in confusion, through the signal assistance of that grace.

(To be continued.)

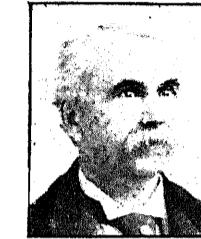


SECRETARY and SISTER KNAPP,  
Of Ingersoll.

### Ingersoll's Prohibition Rally.

A thoroughly representative and enthusiastic Prohibition Meeting was held in the Army barracks during the recent campaign.

Though the rain had fallen steadily throughout the afternoon and evening, it quite failed to dampen the ardor of the many earnest workers in this hand to hand fight with the powers of darkness and sin. A slight disappointment was caused by the absence of Rev. Mr. McKay, of Woodstock, but this was replaced by delight when the Rev. James Grant, Pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, was announced as his substitute.



JAS. F.  
MORREY,  
Union Pub. Co.

Our good friend, Bro. J. F. Morrey, who occupied the chair, opened with a rousing salvation song, "We're a band that shall conquer the foe," after which prayer was offered in behalf of the present crisis of our country's future, and the victims of the drink traffic, that they might be led to the Fountain of Life.

Secretary and Sister Knapp next sang a suitable solo. T. A. Bellamy addressed the meeting and gave a most interesting statement of the States and also local townships which have adopted Prohibition, and are prospering steadily.



T. A.  
BELLAMY,  
Editor "Sun"

The "Ten good (?) reasons why I should vote No," were handled, Mr. Bellamy tearing away the cloak of selfishness and ignorance from each and revealing them in their meanness and falsehood—unable to bear the daylight. Rev. Mr. Grant followed and was heartily received. His address was from the heart to the heart, every word carrying weight and bringing light and inspiration.



REV.  
JAMES  
GRANT.

The responsibility resting on each franchise holder with dealt with. "Let us have no skulking on the 29th. . . \$2 extra taxes, indeed! There stands before you to-night a man who would give \$22 if needed, and never will he have parted with money so willingly in all his life. (Laughter and applause) . . . Anything! No price is too dear to wipe out this blight and stain and curse from our country. . . I would not give a brass button for a man who is not willing to pay for his principles!" (Hear, hear.)

T. A. Bellamy moved a vote of thanks for the way the S. A. are interesting themselves in this and every good work. Motion seconded by Mr. T. Newton and carried unanimously.

Capt. Slote spoke of the Army's attitude towards the drink traffic. The meeting closed with every heart enthused and many doubtful ones converted to "vote as you pray."—Reg. Cor. Minnie Kennedy.

If thou expect death as a friend prepare to entertain it; if thou expect death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it; death has no advantage, but when it comes a stranger.—Quarles.

Do you know the meaning of the word "forever"? If you do you will be able to form some estimate of the value of your neighbor's soul, and some idea of how much you should suffer for it.—Commandant Herbert Booth.

## Pacific Province.

In connection with our Annual Council, to be held at Spokane from Oct. 8th to 14th, a number of changes will take place, prominent among which will be the following: Spokane Home, Adj't. Edgecomb; Spokane Corps, Ensign and Mrs. Alward; Nelson, Adjutant Milner and Capt. Gooding; Livingston, Bozeman, Dillon, Lewiston, Revelstoke, Rossland, Sheridan, Kalispel and New Whatcom.

The new appointments will be made known later on. We are hoping, however, that the change will be a most profitable one in connection with our work this coming winter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Bailey, of Revelstoke, and Capt. Southall, of Sheridan, have both been able by the help of God to put a splendid foundation into our two latest openings. They are in each case leaving behind a band of soldiers of the true Blood and Fire type, who will ever have to thank God for the coming of the S. A. Our next opening will be in the Kootenay District.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Capt. Lacey has been passing through a very severe illness, from which she has now nearly recovered. The Captain has relinquished his command of the Victoria Shelter and will take hold of the Haven, at Spokane.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adj't. Barr is successfully piloting the Victoria Shelter. He is very happy in his new work.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Pacific Province in general and the coast in particular has felt the great loss sustained in the burning of the city of New Westminster. Phoenix-like it is rising from its ashes to become more beautiful than before. The C. P. R. has contributed \$5,000 to the Relief Fund.

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Our worthy Scribe, Lieut. Arnold, has been promoted to the rank of Captain. I am rather late in giving the information, but thought many of our comrades would be pleased to learn of the same. God bless Captain Arnold.

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Ensign and Mrs. Alward, and also Ensign May, are having a short rest prior to going to their next appointment.

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Our Harvest Festival has been a sweeping triumph. We have succeeded in scoring over \$2,400—\$200 over the target.—Chancellor.

## The Klondikers on the Tramp.

In my solitude, sitting as I am alone in a lonely log cabin, dimly lighted by the aid of a candle, my thoughts have freedom—they run nearly to every part of the globe, and naturally in their peripatetic call at the War Cry office, at Toronto, and hear the Editor demanding I should send more "copy." I readily comply with his request, and now find my pen rushing over the paper, trying to express my thoughts, feelings, and impressions, to the multitude of Cry readers.

It is now four days since Capt. Bloss and myself shouldered our packs, on a bright, sun-shiny morning, accompanied by Ensign Ellery, to try and complete a distance of sixteen miles travel over a trail which can better be imagined than described. Since that time many long and awkward distances have been covered, for we have visited the mines and miners of the world-renowned "El Dorado," "Bonanza," "French Hill," "Skookum Gulch," etc., and have seen with our own eyes taken out of the ground the precious metal that has magnetized thousands and tens of thousands of people from all countries and climes to these faraway lonely valleys and mountains, awaking the latter from the deep slumber of ages, making the scene one of intense activity.

\* \* \* \* \*

I must, however, first begin by telling you of the novel open-air meeting we conducted on the swampy thoroughfare of what is termed "The Turks." It is true this place cannot boast of a big population, but the couple of dozen who stood immediately in the front of us, with those at speaking distance, made a nice little congregation of about fifty. They could hardly at first believe it was the Army that had found them, and was dealing out salvation truths in that isolated spot, but they showed their great appreciation

by kindly recognition, glances, handshakes, etc., and the meeting from beginning to end was really beautiful.

In our travels in the "Eldorado" we found a Salvationist very ill with the fever. As the officer stepped in and spoke a few words to the sufferer, the poor fellow was overjoyed. His request for singing was granted by "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." He was left much cheered and blessed.

Another comrade, Bro. Affley, we found out to-day at "Homestake Guech." He was fairly overjoyed to see us. It was a pleasing sight to see his uniform hanging from the wall of his cabin. Here he is all alone, and not alone, in a far away spot as still as death. He tells us he derives great help and comfort out of his Bible, which is his sole companion after his work is done. He lives for God, and is a true Salvationist.

We have had the accommodation of one of our soldier's cabins since our arrival, though he himself is not here. His watchful eye is ever over us. Gifts of such luxuries as fresh meat has been voluntarily contributed to us while here, and other kindnesses shown too numerous to mention. We are indeed grateful, and thank him continually.

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I must now give information about the mines, and the general aspect of the country immediately surrounding them. The stories about the great wealth of the land are not all false, or yet without foundation; on the other hand most extravagant statements have been made. The mines which were located last year have proved themselves among, if not altogether, the richest, the top of the mountains being the most productive, although in many cases been staked out when Creek Claims and Bench claims were all taken up.

### TWO WAR CRY BOOMERS.



CAND. RINGLER and MRS. CAPT. MCLEOD,  
Ridgetown, West Ontario Province.

It was half past six o'clock, and I waited upon some miners who had just returned from one of the last mentioned claims, and with my own eyes beheld on the stove drying, being only one day's takings, a large gold-pan more than half full of solid gold and nuggets. but every man does not find his mine "pan out" so liberally, many having given weary months and years of unsuccessful labor. Hundreds of men go up and down the creeks seeking work, but finding none; others trying to make a living by panning the "tailings," or what might have been left where the "pay dirt" stood, etc., glad to make a dollar or two. It might seem a remarkable thing, but money does not flow freely, and the most wealthy miner will weigh out his gold with as much precision and exactness as any jeweller in our cities.

You say to many of the thousands of poor unfortunates, "Why don't you go home?" and among the multitude of reasons given, one seems to be the uppermost, "They would only laugh at us," and for fear of the laugh they struggle on and eke out an existence, living in the hope every day they will strike "better luck." It has the appearance really of being one huge lottery. The owner of one mine might be taking out his thousands while his neighbor, owning the adjoining claim, has not even what will make him a grub-stake (a mine that will yield sufficient to enable the miner to procure food), and very often never sees a "color." The sights this winter will see, with the prospect of there being thousands out of work, we dare hardly contemplate, but our Shelter, wood-yard, free employment bureau, and reading room, which we are trying at present to establish, will redress results this winter a little.

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The general appearance of the coun-

try would induce one's mind to wander back thousands of years, and make him believe that some great transformation had been brought about. The land that now comparatively appears barren, with its dried-up river beds, mountains towering up on either side to stupendous height gives one the idea that mighty forests ages ago flourished on its present site. It was only the other day I tried to lift a tusk which had been taken out of the earth in the diggings. It was nearly seven feet long and weighed at least 100 lbs. Loose gravel, too, it to be found hundreds of feet up the mountains, indicating that mighty rivers must have swept along in the dead past, leaving scattered all along their course, as some suppose, the gold which man is now unearthing, making unhappy men glad, and has seemingly possessed still greater power in being able to produce the opposite effect. To multitudes of these saddened and disappointed souls we are offering Calvary's Christ and His Heaven.

F. M.

## ISLAND INKLINGS.

### The Salvation Army in Clarencenville, Trinity Bay, Nfld.

The feeling towards the S. A. here is of a most friendly nature. Capt. Moulton, of Burin—a diligent and faithful officer—is in charge of the corps here. The barracks is a neat little edifice, constructed by the people, near the sea-side, and when thoroughly finished and seated it will be quite a credit to the place. The "home" or "quarters" now approaching completion, is situated near the barracks, and will also reflect much credit on the residents, who seem disposed to do everything in their power to help "roll the old chariot along."

The writer has been spending a few days here, and has availed of the delightful privilege of assisting Capt. Moulton a little at the meetings. On Monday night last THREE SOULS came to the front, found pardon and danced for joy. One of them was an old lady, nearly seventy years of age, and so strong was the current of joy and happiness that flowed from heart to heart in the meeting that the writer got carried away with the flood, in a lively step with "Mother Tilley," to the air, "Home by and bye when the journey is o'er," etc.

On Tuesday night ANOTHER SOUL broke through the clutch of his Satanic Majesty and was enabled to bear testimony to the Blood to cleanse from all sin. The meetings are still going on and are glorious seasons of revival power.

The corps here is a vigorous and healthy one, although but in an initial stage. The old antiquated idea that the depth of religious sincerity may be gauged by sighs and groans and a sanctimonious physiognomic expression meets with no countenance from the enthusiastic soldiers here, who sing and shout the praises of God as the Spirit gives them utterance. A formal, frigid profession, without the Divine life-germ, and the Divine growth in religious experience, surely cannot be regarded as worthy of being recommended to the unsaved. God bless the officers and soldiers of Clarencenville, and help them to march on to victory.

COM.

## ECLIPSES.

When the Hindoos along the Ganges began to notice the recent eclipse of the sun, they watched with terror what they supposed to be the overpowering of their beloved divinity by the demons of darkness. They gave themselves up to prayer and bathing in the sacred river.

The people on the bank knelt down and prayed, shouting, "Hori boh!" (God, I cry!) Some covered themselves in the river. Many thousands of people were gathered together, men, women and children, and all were in a frantic, excited state lest the sun should be altogether swallowed up by the demon, and never shine any more.

I have seen many professed Christians act in just as foolish a way when undergoing some temporary discouragement or disappointment. We need to remember and have our faith thoroughly entrenched in it, that God is stronger than the devil, and that in the dark days as well as in the bright, "all things work together for good to them that love God."—Christian Guardian.

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It is but pride and self-will which says, "Give me something huge to fight, and I shall enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"

## Eastern Echoes.

### By the TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

Passing along the main street of North Sydney one cannot fail to behold the conspicuous product of some individual's zeal to arrest and stop men in their downward path to ruin. On the brick work of a huge chimney is written the following warning and admonition, "Woe unto him who giveth his brother drink." "Judgment is coming." Behold I come quickly." "Prepare to meet thy God." "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." "God is love."

\* \* \* \* \*

North Sydney is a thriving town of about five thousand inhabitants. Its chief industry is the coal trade. One hundred and forty thousand tons were shipped from the N. S. wharf during the month of August. Had a very good meeting here, the officers of the District uniting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did meetings also at Westville, Summerside and Moncton on the return journey, being reinforced at the latter place by Major Collier. This corps seems to have struck an original method of securing a barracks. The Ensign was out visiting and saw a building being removed along the street—just the necessary article required. In short order it was brought and placed on the Army lot. When, therefore, the T. S. was invited to inspect said lot it was to behold a building with a newly-painted exterior, ditto the lower part inside, and the upper portion, which is to be converted into a quarters, well under weigh; and, would you believe it? the building opened the night previous.

\* \* \* \* \*

Had a good week-end at Charlottetown—Harvest Festival in full swing. Everything seemed to happen here but the one thing above all else we desired and strove for—to see souls saved. Still those meetings will and must count for something.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have been saved eight years. Was a terrible sinner. Got saved in the Army and have stuck to it ever since. Used to live about three and a-half miles down the river—and on a calm summer night could often hear the good old drum beating, and sometimes even the singing." This from Brother Cloe, of Summerside. Not so bad that, sending songs of salvation three and a-half miles.

\* \* \* \* \*

Capt. McElheney, of Fairville, had announced for Harvest Festival subjects on the Sunday:

- 7 a.m. "An eye opener."
- 11 a.m. "A heart opener."
- 3 p.m. "A finance opener."
- 7 p.m. "A mind opener."

\* \* \* \* \*

The final Eastern meeting held at Carleton, was delightful. Many were very visibly and indeed audibly affected—some moved to laugh, some touched to tears—and as the outcome of consecration entered into we expect sooner or later to see and hear of "the signs following."

\* \* \* \* \*

The health of Brigadier Pugmire's children is completely recovered. The Brigadier, too, is improving. Thank God, the same might be said of Adj't. McLean and Ensign Payne, who, though sick, we met while East. Adj't. Hunter, we are sorry to say, is still very sick, and especially needs the prayers of all comrades.

\* \* \* \* \*

After an absence of seven weeks and one day, during which time 3,867 miles were travelled, 88 open-airs and indoor meetings were held, and 93 souls knelt at the mercy seat, no sight was more welcome than that of two dear little boys, a wee girl and their mother standing in the Union Station, Toronto, to bid us "Welcome Home."

### WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Rescue Homes. The Field Commissioner will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 916 Yonge St., (Ave. LONDON S. Ont.—Staff Captain Cowan, Riverview St. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Jost 65 Elliot Row. MONTREAL.—Adjutant Holman, 243 St. Antoine St. HALIFAX, N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis St. OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 761 Wellington St. St. JOHNS, Nfld.—Ensign Tovell, 26 Cook St. HAMILTON.—Adjutant Jordan, 119 Wentworth St. SPOKANE, Wash.—Adj't. Langtry, 732 Fourth Ave. HELENA, Mont.—Adj't. Walton, 532 Breckinridge St. WINNIPEG Man.—Mrs. Major Jewer, 488 Yonge St.

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MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.

## BRIGADIER AND MRS. GASKIN

### TOURING IN NORTH ONTARIO.

Leaving Toronto by the early morning train, we reached Orangeville about 11 o'clock, where Capt. Wicks and Lieut. Paxton met us. We had nearly half an hour's chat about the war. I was pleased to learn that in spite of the hardness of the fight, and many trying difficulties, the work was progressing, and that two recruits had been recently enrolled, who were doing well. The kindly thought of the officers in bringing us a lunch to the train will not be forgotten.

OWEN SOUND.—Capt. White met us at our arrival and escorted us to the quarters. Ensign Smith had just enrolled six new soldiers, who are going to make good Blood-and-Fire warriors. In spite of rain we had a grand open-air meeting; the large crowd was splendidly attentive. The inside meeting was good; four Local Officers were appointed. Ensign Smith has things well in hand and a good work is going forward. Unfortunately, the Ensign has been very sick, and is now having a well-earned furlough. Capt. Goldberg and Lieut. Kivell are holding the fort.

LITTLE CURRENT.—After being rocked and rolled about on the Georgian Bay all night, and suffering some considerable inconvenience internally in consequence, we were pleased to reach this lovely little town shortly before 5 o'clock. A hasty cup of tea and a brush-down, and here is Brother Wilson with his famous team, ready to drive us to the outpost, over seven miles away.

SHEQUINDAH.—Up hill and down hill, over rock and through brush, and here is the little wooden barracks all lit up, ready for the meeting. This barracks is one of the cleanest, neatest little places I ever saw, built entirely by the few soldiers. We had a good meeting and a good crowd inside. The Indians sang and testified fine. After the meeting Bro. and Sister Welsby provided for the needs of the inner man.

Then came the journey back. Bro. Wilson's ponies are marvels of sure footedness and good eyesight, and Bro. Wilson himself knows how to drive a team and no mistake. Unfortunately, when about half way home a spring broke, which occasioned some delay, but we reached Little Current at 1 a.m. We found our way to the billet to discover that the lamp had gone out and the family retired for the night. We went out into the street, begged some matches of a man we chanced to meet, and retired "just a little" tired.

During the night Ensign Andrews (G. B. M.) turned up, and in company with him on Saturday morning, we "viewed the landscape o'er."

Little Current has only a population of some 400 or 500 people, so we were remarkably pleased with the audience of 108 adults on a Saturday night in the Music Hall, where a fine welcome meeting was held.

Sunday morning found us at Sucker Creek, Indian Reserve. We had a grand meeting. An Indian constable and interpreter and ONE soul was saved. Barracks nearly full.

The afternoon at Little Current was somewhat disappointing in numbers, although we had a fine open-air meeting. However, what was lacking in the afternoon was made up for at night. Twenty-five soldiers were at the crowded open-air meeting, and 261 adults gathered in the Music Hall for the evening service. We had a glorious time. The meeting itself was one long to be remembered, and best of all TWO souls sought pardon, one was the Indian constable who was interpreter in the morning. He had been a backslider 22 years through drink. Monday night we had another fine meeting, 150 people present; and again on Tuesday, when TWO souls came forward.

Mr. Turner, a staunch friend of the Army, loaned us the large Music Hall for four meetings free. God will reward him.

Many outside people told me that since the Army's advent drinking had almost ceased among the Indians, and that instead of being indolent and drunken, they were industrious and sober, some 30 being Salvationists.

We left on Wednesday afternoon by the boat, sorry that our stay could not be longer. Capt. Smith and Lieutenant Mainprize work like Trojans and are much loved by the people. God bless Little Current.

SUDBURY.—It took nearly 27 hours to get here, including a wait of 16 hours at Cutlers. So it was with delight we spied the bonnets of Adj't. Scarr and

Lieut. Matthews. Bro. Trickey helped with the baggage, and we were soon chatting over a cup of tea in the prim and neat quarters into which the officers have recently moved. The four days spent with these warriors were amongst the happiest and most profitable. The soldiers are a splendid band—whole-hearted, united and Blood-and-Fire. Three souls for sanctification and THREE for salvation were the visible results. Crowds were good, finances magnificent. There is a bright future before this corps, especially in the better-situated new barracks.

NORTH BAY.—We arrived here at 2 a.m. Monday, and were glad to see Capt. McCann and her Lieutenant. Soldiers turned up well for open-air and we had a nice crowd inside and good meeting.

HUNTSVILLE.—We left North Bay

at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, and after slightly over three hours' run, arrived at this pretty Muskoka town. Capt. O'Neill who was farewelling and going on a well-earned furlough, met us at the station. During the day we went and looked over the new barracks and quarters, which are nearly completed, and will have superior accommodations to the old building. Huntsville can boast of a nice string band, which rendered efficient service outside and in. The Orange Hall was nearly full. We had a splendid meeting despite the fact that several babies persisted in making themselves heard. TWO souls came to Jesus at the close. A short meeting of the Local Officers followed and it was nearing midnight when our billet was reached. Quite a number of soldiers came down to the station to bid farewell to Capt. O'Neill, who has won his way into the hearts of everybody.

Capt. Barker and Lieut. Dales are "holding on" and have things well in hand. We had a fine open-air crowd on Wednesday night, and the hall was nearly full for the inside meeting, which went with a swing. The soldiers here are a fine lot. Thursday was a busy day—visiting, correspondence and corps business filled in the time. Unfortunately it rained at night, and both outside and inside the crowds were small. Nevertheless, we had a most soul-inspiring meeting and one we shall not soon forget.

GRAVENHURST.—A pouring, drenching rain came down in torrents all day, which shook our faith for a crowd in the meeting. The open-air meeting was good, and the crowd nearly filling the barracks was a surprise. We had a splendid meeting, several Local Officers were commissioned and two soldiers enrolled. Capt. Wilson and Lieutenant are leading the troops on to victory.

ORILLIA.—This was the last place visited. A deluge of rain came down Saturday night which made the crowd small. All day Sunday we had grand meetings—sighs, tears, deep conviction, but no one surrendered. Congregations and finances are good. The soldiers turned out well. The singing of the Indian comrades was a distinct success. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell with Capt. McDougall are the indefatigable officers in command. We left Orillia at 6:25 a.m. Monday, and returned to P. H. Q. tired, but well satisfied with the trip.—A. G.



RICHMOND ST.—Beautiful weekend. Saturday night Ensigns Fletcher and Adams drew large crowds, speaking against the liquor traffic. Sunday we had two comrades from the Farm, S. M. Edwards and C. A. Dalehanty. Adj't. Stanyon dropped in for the holiness meeting, and brought along Mrs. Stanyon in the evening. Both the Adj't. and Mrs. Stanyon gave a stirring address on temperance. Very impressive meeting, winding up with ONE beautiful case for salvation. We give God the glory and go on.—Cadet Levett.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Adj't. Aikenhead paid us an official visit, assisted by part of the Peterboro Band. They should have been here for the Saturday night meeting. But getting lost twice on the road took them fifteen miles out of their way. They got here at 11:30 p.m. We had a good day on Sunday. Big crowds outside and in. Barracks was packed on Sunday night. The meetings were very impressive, yet nobody would yield. Bro. Reddener's violin playing, and the two Sisters Smith's singing and playing was very much appreciated. Brother Gibson and Stephenson also played their respective parts. The party started for Peterboro again Sunday night at 12 p.m.—W. Brindley, Capt.

WINDSOR, Ont.—On Sunday afternoon a man was attracted to our barracks by the march. When the invitation was given he volunteered our and sought salvation and found it. Afterwards, in giving his experience, he said he was a German Lutheran, and has been ten years Superintendent of the Sunday School of that denomination, but knew nothing of the joys of Salvation. He has left for his home in Bryan, Ohio, there to let his light shine for God. Our prayers follow him, which he asked for. This makes four Seniors and five Juniors who have sought salvation since last report. Our faithful assistant, Capt. Burton, is at present on rest.—Ensign and Mrs. McHarg, D. O's.

TEMPLE.—Good tidings we have to report. Things are moving with a will here, and sinners are being moved, through grace, to give up all for the truth which sets men free. Last Sunday meetings were a real help to us all. ONE soul got converted at holiness meeting. Meetings were held both on Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon on Temperance and Prohibition and addressed by able temperance speakers of the city, not forgetting our own Sergt.-Major Peacock. Sunday night's meeting was one of exceptional interest, and the power of God setting on all led many to think of their soul's condition, so that SIX more precious souls came over on the side of Christ. This is what cheers us in our labor of love. We are going to win many more to righteousness.—F. Zurhout, S. C.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.—Some months ago we received orders to proceed to the enterprising little town of Revelstoke, B. C., to plant the Army Flag. Feeling the responsibility was great, yet knowing "He who had called" was able to make us equal to it. God has blessed us almost beyond our expectations. During the six months souls have been saved—some who have been picked from the lowest depths of sin are to-day living monuments of His saving and keeping power. To God be all the glory. They bless the day the Army came to Revelstoke. Now we have to leave them it is met without any regret, yet we are confident they

will go on in God's strength. The public in general has stood by us, and everyone has received us with open arms. We will never forget them. God bless them all, is our prayer.—Capt. Bailey, and Lieut. Meredith.

#### BRIGADIER MARGETTS AT CHARLOTTETOWN.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Brigadier Margetts' visit here has been very helpful. Ex-Mayor Dawson, a warm friend of the Army, presided at the welcome meeting Saturday night, and very happily bade the Brigadier welcome to the city. Adj't. Creighton introduced him to the audience as the third ruler in the (S. A.) kingdom. Following an apt reply Brigadier Margetts sang a thrilling song of Chicago slums, and spoke on the work and progress of the great S. A. Sunday was a day of blessing. Harvest Festival in full swing, and the Brigadier made the most of the occasion, giving thrilling, soul-warming addresses at each meeting, singing with power and rubbing in hard the necessity for repentance and sanctification. This week the H. F. has held the boards—march with torches, band to the front, Juniors' musical, with Mrs. White in charge, sale of garden produce and useful articles, valued assistance by Capt. and Mrs. Fred Knight and Capt. Edith Price, and untiring efforts on the part of Adj't. Creighton to make a bull's-eye. Results next week.—H.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Quite a few things have happened here lately of interest. First, a visit from the Washington Marine Band. They took splendid, both outdoors and in. Everyone spoke well of their playing and singing, and we enjoyed their visit very much. Harvest Festival kept us all busy lately, collecting and gathering in all kinds of stuff. Comrades worked well, and each done their level best. Target? Of course we got it. Did you ever know Victoria not to reach her target (once they did not.—Ed.) and go over it sometimes, too. Adj't. and Mrs. Ayre did their utmost, assisted by Captain Juhlin. Barracks were nicely decorated and tables arranged in sections. Every four sisters had a table each. Single sisters and single brothers had a table each, also married men and friends. One of the special articles was A LOAF OF BREAD EIGHT FEET LONG, the largest loaf ever baked in Victoria. Everything was sold by auction on the Monday and Tuesday night. Bro. Jones, one of the city auctioneers, kindly gave his services. God bless him. (The loaf brought \$3.) The sisters deserve praise for the way they worked and begged. We had a flying visit from Lient.-Colonel Evans Sunday afternoon, on his way to California. He had a few words of encouragement to say to the comrades. Also had a short address from Mrs. Walker and her daughter, of London, Eng., on Sunday night. They are well known in S. A. circles. They are on their way to India. God bless them both. The fire at New Westminster is stirring up the people here. Subscriptions are being taken all over the city. We feel for our comrades very much over the loss of their barracks and quarters. Adj't. Ayre collected \$20 from comrades and friends, and has gone over to help and cheer them up. Victoria corps prays God will bless them abundantly. We feel their loss very much. It was the birthplace of M. L. The saloon keepers had their usual fund for H. F., and did beautifully. They have a special target at H. F. and S. D.

Mark the instruction: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' We are not sent to make bricks without straw. His grace is equal to the cross. The commission is most definite and just as binding on us to-day as it was to the disciples to whom it was first spoken. They were equipped to carry it out, and so can we be. There are many departments of God's work, but to be successful in them we must be thus endowed with power from on high. Oh, for appropriating faith that claims the blessing and steps out on the might of God to do exploits in His name.—Commissioner Rees.

# BATTLE



# BULLETINS

SOCIAL FARM.—We had a good meeting Sunday night. Adj. Page was here.—Chas. C. Gooda.

OMEMEE.—Great rejoicing in the camp over prodigals coming home. ONE soul on Sunday. Praise God! Reg. Cor.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—We can report victory regarding our Harvest Festival. Went over the target, which was \$125.—A. E. H.

HESPELER.—Ensign Dean and Lieut. Blodget have taken charge here. Sinners are coming home. We are going in for a proper soul-saving time this winter.

SUDSBURY.—The power of the living God is stirring up the people. Attendance at open-air and inside largest for some time.—Yours in the fray, N. R. Trickey, J. S. S.-M.

PARRY SOUND.—Since our new officers arrived here, we have had wonderful times of conviction. We had the joy of seeing TWO come out. Hallelujah!—Trumpeter Howell.

LETHBRIDGE.—Since our last report we have had the joy this week of seeing THREE souls in the Fountain. Praise God for the victory He is giving us here.—Mandus Rosaine, R. C.

FARGO, N. D.—Glory to God! Ensign Cummins was with us Saturday and Sunday. We had a time of real blessing. The lantern service on Saturday night was beautiful.—M. H. S., Reg. Cor.

CHATHAM, Ont.—On Sunday God blessed our labor. When the question was asked by Adj. Hughes if there was anyone in the audience desired to be prayed for to raise their hand, six responded.—L. G. B.

VALLEY CITY.—We had our D. O., Ensign Hayes, with us for two days last week, and were blessed in her meetings. ONE soul since last report. Hallelujah! Ready for War Cry Boom.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

LETHBRIDGE.—Hallelujah! We have had a good week of fighting, and God has answered our prayers. SEVEN souls claimed this free salvation through the Blood of Jesus Christ. All the glory to God.—Mandus Rosaine, R. C.

EMERSON.—Glory, hallelujah! We are still pegging away and having some victories; yet we are not satisfied, we want to see souls saved. Ensign Cummins has come and gone. Real good time with fond reflections. Still going ahead to win.—H. Petch, Capt.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—H. F. target reached. Glory to our God! Many thanks to Capt. Clark and Lieut. Miller, also the soldiers and kind friends who so cheerfully helped in different ways. One lady gave Captain a pair of new shoes to replace the ones she wore out while collecting.—M. R., Reg. Cor.

LISTOWEL.—Last week we had an auction sale of children, conducted by the D. O., Ensign Orchard, of Wingham. Had a very good time. It was rather damp last Saturday night in the open-air, and the police was afraid of the people catching cold, so he kept moving them.

PETERBORO.—God has been very near us of late in our meetings. Yesterday (Sunday) was a day of power and blessing to our souls. ONE precious soul in our holiness meeting also in our night meeting ONE more soul sought and found Jesus.—Sergt. M. Lang.

MONTREAL II.—Capt. Ward has gone on a well-earned rest. We hope she may come back well in body and soul. Saturday night ONE man came to God and got saved. Sunday the meetings were led by Brigadier Bennett. We had a blessed time. Hallelujah!—W. G., R. C.

BUTTE.—Praise God for the victory He is giving us in Butte. We have reached our Harvest Festival target. Souls are being won. This past week SIX for salvation and one for a clean heart. More to follow. On Wednesday night we enrolled five recruits. Hallelujah! We mean to go on winning.—L. B. Scott, Capt.

NAPANEE.—Sunday was the farewell of Lieut. McFarlane and Lieut. Young. A most impressive service on Sunday night. God bless the devoted

OAKES.—Harvest Festival effort a decided success. Target knocked out of sight. Had an enrolment of recruits on Sunday afternoon. Soldiers and friends were very enthusiastic over the auction sale Monday night, bidding was lively and everything was sold out. Our crowds are on the increase, good spirit prevailing, and our faith goes up for Oakes. We thank God for victory in our own soul.—Lieut. Heringshaw.

OTTAWA.—Our Provincial leader, Brigadier Bennett, received a rousing reception on his arrival to conduct a three days' fight. Blessed soul-refreshing meetings. Brigadier took as his subjects Sunday morning and evening, "What I know of another man's wife," and "Is marriage a failure?" A very interesting talk indeed on salvation lines. THREE souls for holiness, ONE for salvation, with ONE soul since.—A. French, R. C.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Many of our soldiers are busy thrashing, so that it is impossible for them to get to meeting during the week, but those who can, come on Sunday and help thrash the devil. Good meetings all day on Sunday. Lieutenant Collins, who has been on the sick list for some weeks, was at the holiness meeting. Everybody was delighted to see her and hear her testimony. May God bless and strengthen her.—Trifloria.

FREDERICTON.—We are having glorious times. Our H. F. target, which was \$105, we got O. K. The Training Garrison, under Adj. McLean, is in full swing. Cadets all on fire and

red-hot for souls. Meetings are well attended and souls getting saved. On Friday night we had Rev. Mr. Brewer, an old S. A. friend, to address the meeting. On Sunday afternoon we had a grand temperance meeting, led by Adj. McLean, and addressed by Rev. Dr. McLeod. Hall packed to the door and good attention.—Cadet Deakin.

HAMILTON II.—We had with us last week-end the Ibbotson Musical Family, who did a good week-end for us. Finances up to the top notch. The people of Hamilton love music. Good crowds both inside and out. The little musicians held the people spell-bound. God was with us in spite of the rain. We are looking for a new barracks, then we will make the devil tremble. I am well saved and sanctified and going in for victory in every detail.—R. Hanna, Capt.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Capt. Maggie Hill and Lieuts. Tuck and Stickells have farewelled. Their courage, faithfulness and zeal have won the hearts of many, and our earnest prayers go with them to their next appointment. Capt. Hill has had charge of the work for about four months, and during her stay there have been quite a number of good clear conversions. THREE souls came out on the Lord's side at the farewell. We are believing that the good work will push right along with the new officers.—W. C. R., for the Corps.

WINNIPEG.—On Tuesday we had a special plebiscite meeting. Several prominent speakers were with us. Rev. Hogg, Rev. J. Walker, Mr. Gibbon, and Mr. Taylor. Mr. Day and Mrs. Jewer helped wonderfully in the meeting by their singing. The barracks was crowded with attentive listeners, and we believe the result will be far reaching. Thursday we had a saved drunkards' meeting. The testimony of those saved from a drunkard's life and death were good to hear. We were all more than ever led to praise God, who is able to save and to keep from a life of misery.—Cadet Russell.



## Father Van Loan, Grand Forks.

Death has visited our corps and taken our dear comrade, Father Van Loan, from the battle below to wave a palm of victory among the Blood-washed throng above; for although his life had been one of wickedness until last April, when Father Cook, of Grafton, visiting here, fought for his soul and succeeded in getting him to the penitent form, where he earnestly sought and found God. Since then he has been one of our most faithful warriors, never missing a meeting nor failing to warn a soul where he had an opportunity. The greatest regret to him was that he had not sought God before he had spent nearly 67 years in sin, and he was anxious to do all in his power to awaken others. Feeling sick he left the meeting Saturday night never to return. On Tuesday night his spirit took its flight. In reply to some of our questions, while lying so sick, he said, "Oh, yes! I am ready to go, thank God, and think that will be soon." We buried him under the colors Thursday, and conducted a memorial service on Sunday evening.

## Brother George Spencer, Bay Roberts, Nfld.

Bro. Geo. Spencer has finished his earthly battle. His place is vacant and he will be missed by the corps very much, especially at knee-drill. About two years ago our brother enlisted as a soldier of this corps, and unflinchingly fought to the end. During the last three weeks he was suffering greatly while battling with disease, but through it all he always had a word of cheer for the saved and words of warning for the sinner. On my last visit he said, "It is all right. I am sinking fast, but, hallelujah! it is getting brighter." My sun is shining in all its beauty. A few hours after he passed triumphantly over the river.

On Wednesday we conducted the funeral. Being a member of the Orange institution, he was carried by the brothers of the same order to the hall, where an impressive service was

The memorial service at the barracks was largely attended, and we believe many sinners were convicted.—A. G. Brown, Capt.

## Comrade Mrs. Skinner, of Paris.

Again we have to report the sad news of another comrade who has fallen in the battlefield. Last Monday morning, Sept. 19th, in the midst of pain and suffering our comrade, Mrs. Skinner, was lifted from care and sorrow to realms of joy and bliss, where sickness is unknown and where death cannot come. Deceased has been sick for some time, but during the last few months she gradually grew worse, until Monday morning God took her to be with Himself. During her sickness she has been visited by officers and soldiers of the Army, who always found her trusting in Jesus, and fully resigned to His will. She had no fear of death, for sudden death to her would only mean sudden glory. Just before she died she called her family to her bedside and bade them good-bye, asking them to meet her beyond the river. Her favorite chorus was:

"When I am nearing Jordan's bellow  
Let Thy bosom be my pillow;  
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in Thee."

She did not have an Army funeral. The Rev. Mr. Silcox, of the Congregational Church, led the service at the house and graveside, assisted by the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, of which our comrade was a member, and Ensign Raynor and Lieut. Burrows. The service at the graveside was very impressive. We all sang, "Shall we gather at the river." Indeed it was a sorrowful parting.

We held a memorial service in the barracks on Sunday night, and we feel that much good was done. Some of the comrades spoke of our comrade's life and death, and urged upon the unsaved to make preparations for that day when they too would have to face death. We pray that God will sustain and comfort her husband and family.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## Gathering Gloom.

Although he knew that the kindly sentiment he felt for Mary was not such as a man should have for his wife, yet tired of the inward struggle with conscience he resolved that he would not jilt the girl, since Kittie was married again, yet no man who in the least, and however distantly recognizes Almighty God, can with any safety ignore the decrees of his own conscience. Sheridan Decker and Mary Gore were in due time made man and wife, in harmony with the statutory law of the State, and in transparent violation of the command of God. Sheridan was receiving a comfortable salary in the position he still held, he had a snug sum in the bank, of the residue of his mother's effects, so the young people began life together comfortably.

Mary was radiantly happy and for a time her happiness gave her husband much content.

In the second year of their marriage a child was born, but died an infant. Mary, saddened and depressed, gave much of her spare time to mission labor, but Sher. drifted more and more away from the slight anchorage he had held in things divine. He had learned too well the lesson of dishonor again to dabble with stocks or tamper with any funds entrusted to him, but losing heart he soon lost head as well, and fell into loose ways of life.

Charley saw with pain his friend was drifting again into evil association, but when he spoke to Sher. on the subject, reminding him that he was false to the young wife whom he had married as a point of honor, Sher. laughed bitterly and answered only, "False to one, false to both; false in one thing, false in all!"

Out of anxiety, Charley sought now to maintain kindlier relations with the young wife, who now began to attend the meetings of the Salvation Army in the city. In her growing distress with which she viewed her husband's recklessness, her heart was moved and enlarged by the teachings of the Army, and after some time of hesitation, she went one night to the penitent form and gave herself to God with a definiteness and freedom from reserve she had not before known.

The two-fold effect of this step—that upon herself and that upon her husband—was very remarkable. In Mary was now only a deeper tenderness, a firm perseverance and a serener patience; but Sher. was stung by her action beyond bearing. What! Even his wife must be drawn away from him, and that, too, by the very organization whose secret influence he had himself so long resisted! He saw now continually at his side a reminder of a duty which, if he had fulfilled it, would unquestionably have directed his life along different and probably far happier channels.

In a certain sense, Sheridan never recovered fully from the effects of the illness that in his already weakened state struck him down in Paris.

It was during the summer of his thirty-second year that he began sensibly to fail. He was continually languorous and oftentimes at his work was faint and dizzy. Several months he combated this growing weakness, having ever more and more recourse to stimulants. Finally he went to a physician, who examined him carefully and at once ordered him off his office stool and told him candidly his disease was an organic affection of the heart. If he wished to live two years longer, he must betake himself to a smaller place, where he should seek only light employment in the open air.

To Mary and Charley this came as a terrible blow. The thought of the eminent danger in which Sher.'s soul stood, should the doctor prove to be right, aroused these two to alertness.

Charley cast about for a safe and desirable retreat, and in a very short time just the desirable spot was found. It was a quaint, pretty, quiet little place, perched on a hillside, over-looking a fruitful and charming valley, shielded from harsh winds and blessed with a remarkably pure atmosphere.

Sher. was indifferent as to whether he went or stayed, lived or died, but Mary, when she learned that the Mecca of their home sustained a lively,

ent with Charley. She was now an enrolled soldier of the Army, and her heart beat high with hope for the conversion of her husband.

The coming autumn saw husband and wife established in their new home very comfortably.

Charley had written to the officers in charge of the corps with the result that Sher. and Mary were received as two dear friends, a tiny cottage was already secured for them and a qualified promise of work was awaiting Sher., provided he was strong enough to undertake it.

The work promised upon investigation not to be too arduous; it had to do with immense orchards and drying yards, so that Sheridan was ensured continued activity in the open air. By the time the various fruits were garnered and the season was over, there was every probability that other out-of-door occupation would await him.

Sheridan began to look upon himself as something better than a dead man after all, and in his increase of spirit, as also in the beautiful sympathies of her comrades, Mary found an incentive to her faith comfortable beyond expression. She would have been happier if Sher. had not turned so resolutely away from her plea that he accompany her to the meetings, but she resolved she would compel him to always see in her a faithful soldier of Christ.

Sheridan's spiritual unhappiness at this time was great. He longed for all that he saw in his wife and many of her comrades, but he was firm in the conviction that he had sinned away the one opportunity given him to appease God's wrath—an opportunity, he was persuaded, that Divine Justice would never renew. Viewing it in this light, it is not strange that the thought of attending a Salvation Army meeting was painful to him, though in the evenings when his wife did attend the meetings, he read the Bible with a patient and growing interest.

Sheridan had held his own throughout the winter. Mary, who watched him closely, began to cherish a hope that the doctor had been mistaken, while even Sher. himself was encouraged.

But in the hard months of early spring, the young husband took a change for the worse. He strove bravely to shake off the lassitude that clung to him, but in April he was compelled to give up, and losing hope and strength, at length took to his bed, being convinced that the end was now approaching. He determined to meet his fate in silence.

Mary became exceedingly anxious to see Sher. saved, and prayed earnestly for his conversion.

The officers of the corps called frequently and never left without some earnest words of spiritual encouragement to the sick man; then, too, there were several soldiers who came more or less often, and among these was one for whom Sheridan conceived a special liking. When Mary saw this she spoke privately to the comrade, urging him to come as often as possible.

This comrade was a man of about fifty or sixty years old, a plain, rough, almost uncouth old fellow, with a wicked past and the present simplicity of a child. In everything he saw directly the hand of God, and his quaint

expositions of God's daily dealings with men were so utterly fearless in their faith that, though at first against his judgment, Sher. was strongly drawn to the old soldier. It is to be remembered that for some time Sheridan had secretly been reading the Bible, and there were two passages that had impressed him vitally. They were the story of Absalom's ingratitude and his father's anguish, and the parable of the Prodigal Son. In the parable he seemed to read the beautiful possibilities that might have been Absalom's had that misguided young man only turned from his criminal folly to the heart of the father who so dearly loved him.

And now came this shrewd old Brother Stout, who without in the least preaching, nevertheless in every word he uttered showed such a keen perception of spiritual truths that it was impossible to listen to him without admiration.

So it was that gradually the light of true conviction dawned into Sher.'s heart.

It was about this time that Mary began to notice in him a settled sadness, and in her distress wrote to Charley.

Charley came almost immediately. He was shocked and concerned when he saw deep a gloom had fallen over his friend's spirit, but he set himself determinedly to find the cause, and yielding to his persistency Sheridan told him.

It was so pitiful that faithful Charley broke down under it and cried like a little boy.

Poor Sher., reviewing his life, felt that he had gone to lengths that no self-respecting mind could view with anything but contempt and repudiation. God, viewing him as a just and intelligent man would view him, must adjudge that Sher. had had his chances and had wilfully flung them away.

(To be concluded.)

## Hot Shot and Sugar.

By ADJT. GHD. MILLER.

Bring up a convert in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Now, the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. This passage also explains itself upside down—where there is (spiritual) liberty there is the Spirit of the Lord.

Some people are like a little girl I saw the other day: because there was a small baby who could not talk in the house, she would not talk. Then she began to creep. When asked why she did so, she said, "Baby don't walk, so I won't." Many Christians stop talking and walking because some who are weaker than themselves do so.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. Chicago fire was started by a cow kicking over a small lamp, but great was the result. There was three hundred millions of dollars worth of property lost. Two thousand lives lost, and over one hundred thousand people made homeless. The tongue is a little member, yet boasteth great things. Many through it have lost their spiritual life and home.

Lieut. S—, while selling War Crys one day had a man pounce on him about not taking the sacrament, and went as far as to say if he did not take it he would never get to heaven. Just then a man who had overheard all that had been said, stepped up and asked the man if the thief on the cross took the sacrament before he went to heaven. The man was dumbfounded and the Lieutenant went on in peace.

We should praise and thank the Lord not only in the midst and in spite of trials and sufferings, but FOR them, knowing that these things come not by chance, but are the workings of God. They will work out for our good and His glory, if we are careful to learn the lesson He intends to teach us in each. It appears ridiculous on the surface to praise God for a trial as a seeming misfortune, but I believe it is the nearest way to victory.



## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St. Toron'to, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## First Insertion.

3201. MRS. LIVER WORKMAN. The address of the above is wanted by C. P. Fleegar, of 926 Bridge St., Spokane, Wash. Any person knowing of her whereabouts please communicate at once with us.

3202. MRS. JENNIE JOHNSON, nee, Arthur. Left Erie, Pennsylvania, March 27th, '98. Description: dark brown hair, height 5 ft. 9 in., eyes grey. Communicate with us.

3204. WILLIAM DEALEY. Last heard of in Ontario some years ago. Dealey came to Canada about the year 1848, with a child five years of age, to be with an aunt named Mrs. Dodd. His father was for many years a police constable in Kensington, Eng. An aged sister is anxious for news of her brother. Communicate with us.

3205. OSBOURNE, MRS. H. Left England for Canada a few years ago. When last heard of they had two children. Their last address was 14 Berryman St., Toronto. Kindly communicate with us.

3206. SHORTHILL, RICHARD HENRY. Age 24, occupation laborer, 6 ft. 2 in. high. Missing 2½ years. Last address, Ellensburg, Wash. Was born in New Brunswick.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the

## OLD COUNTRY,

we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAJOR SMEETON.



Throw out the lifeline with hand quick and strong,  
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?  
See! he is sinking; oh, hasten today,

# Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Gaskin on Top Still—He Defies Bennett's Mag to Overtake Him and Sends Oats  
—Hurrah for Southall!—Only One Behind Gaskin—Bennett Third—  
Pugmire Indisposed—North-West Worse; Pulse Very  
Low—Pacific III—Sharp Recuperating.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave is a man of compassion. Upon hearing that the W. O. P. was falling in behind, he at once sent some fine oats to the Editor, together with the following epistle:

Dear Brigadier Friedrich,

I am enclosing you herewith a few oats for Brigadier Bennett's celebrated "Mag," as we imagine they have run short of feed in Montreal since the severe storm of a week or so ago.

The Provincial Staff, on behalf of the Field Officers, send their compliments to the E. O. P. warriors, and suggest that they will need a good stock of oats this winter if they hope to keep within sight of the Central.

Yours affectionately,

R. HARGRAVE,  
Staff-Capt.

Judging from the appearance of the E. O. P. war horse, "Mag," I thought it was a goer. Of course it is just possible she'll take the lead again, for there is no three legs and a swinger about her. Persons who contemplated the exceptionally treated portrait of Mag in a recent Cry will agree that she had a gait on.

The West Ontario hero is not doing things by halves. That he is in earnest is evidenced by the phenomenal rise to 63 boomers. This is an unmistakable sign that Southall's braves were exceptionally blessed in the recent London councils.

The race is getting really very interesting. With the three Ontario Provinces so close to each other there is practically no telling what will turn up next week, and every nerve is strained with intense excitement.

The Eastern Star is sinking to the fourth magnitude on the Hustlers' sky. What a pity that this East should grow dim and the lustre of former reputation be dimmed.

Ensign Fox, of St. Catharines, is a hustler. Everybody knows that. His War Cry Brigade sold during quarter ending Sept., 1,106 copies of the War Crys more than the previous quarter. Good for the St. Kitt's boomers and Publication Seregant-Major.

We desire also to mention again, that only ONE week's sales should be reported, never mention two weeks' sales or averages, as it has repeatedly led to misunderstandings. If you miss one week in reporting, drop it and blame yourself for it. We want to live at peace with all men, AS FAR AS lies in our power; if it doesn't lie in our power, let us have a good row, settle the thing and be good friends again.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

64 Hustlers.

Sister Correll, Temple	85
Sister Pearce, Temple	85
Sister Medlock, Temple	70
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	70
Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I	70
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood	64
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside	63
Capt. F. Clark, Collingwood	62
Lieut. Ribell, Owen Sound	62
Lieut. Capper, Stroud	60
Capt. Hanna, Hamilton II	60
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	59
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	55
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	53
Sergt. Mrs. Bone, Stroud	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton I	50
Bro. Dixon, Temple	50
Capt. M. Crawford, Parry Sound	50
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	50
Lieut. Osler, Aurora	50
Lieut. Creig, St. Catharines	46
Capt. Creamer, Midland	45
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt	45
Capt. M. Lott, Lindsay	44
Lieut. J. Marshall, Omemee	43
Ensign H. Cameron, Riverside	40
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	40
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	40
Lieut. Crego, Midland	40
Lieut. Rennie, Brampton	38
Capt. Wm. White, Feversham	37
Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury	36
Sergt. Majo Beall, St. Catharines	36
Capt. A. Sherwin, Dundas	35
Lieut. Bond, Dundas	35
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	35
Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I	35
Capt. McDougall, Orilia	31
Sergt.-Major Bowbier, Lisgar St.	30

Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm	27
Lieut. Cornish, Oakville	25
Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	25
Capt. M. Nelson, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. M. Northcott, Gravenhurst	25
Sergt.-Major Bowman, Newmarket	25
Lieut. Fell, Stroud	25
Sergt.-Major Bradly, Temple	25
Sergt. May Donaldson, Lisgar St.	25
Sergt. A. Stickells, Lisgar St.	25
Sister H. Pead, St. Catharines	25
Sister Gilks, Yorkville	25
Capt. Goldburg, Owen Sound	23
Wm. Stevens, Riverside	22
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	21
Cadet Crawford, Lippincott	20
Sergt. M. Stickells, Lisgar St.	20
Capt. Hart, Lisgar St.	20
Sister Harvey, Temple	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sister L. Pollard, Oakville	20
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville	20
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

63 Hustlers.

Capt. Hellman, London	254
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Ensign M. Collett, Brantford	160
Lieut. E. M. Hockin, Brantford	110
Sister J. Couch, Stratford	106
Cand. L. Ringler, Ridgeway	101
Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham	101
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	100
Lieut. Pickle, Wallaceburg	88

Adjt. Coombs, London	87
Ensign Scott, Galt	75
Sergt.-Major Lloyd, Windsor	74
Ensign Ottawa, Guelph	70
Sergt. McDougall, Guelph	68
Sergt. G. Craft, Chatham	65
Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia	67
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	62
Lieut. Carr, Dresden	60
Capt. A. Slote, Ingersoll	60
Sister Sitzer, Leamington	55
Capt. Mathers, Guelph	54
Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg	53
Lieut. Bonny, Bothwell	50
Ensign Dean, Hespeler	50
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	50
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	49
Sergt.-Major Scott, Guelph	45
Sister M. Shuster, Berlin	43
Sister Brindley, Guelph	42
Capt. Coe, Essex	41
Sister M. Fitchley, Listowel	40
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	40
Sergt. Dearing, Hespeler	38
Sister A. Gegallies, Forest	36
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	36
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas	36
Capt. Jarvis	35
Capt. Patterson, Galt	35
Capt. Dowell, Tilbury	35
Ensign Raynor, Paris	35
Sister Wright, Ingersoll	33
Capt. Burton, Windsor	32
Fred Palmer, London	32
Mrs. McGregor, Blenheim	30
Lieut. Baird, Listowel	30
Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	27
Clara Hilliard, Berlin	26
Capt. G. Pynn, Chatham	25
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	25
Capt. Hoddinott, Blenheim	25
Capt. Cockerill, Forest	25
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	24
Cadet Murdoch, Wingham	20
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham	20
Millie Haldane, Strathroy	20

Cand. S. Masey, Chatham	20
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	20
Mrs. J. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Lottie Connon, Ingersoll	20
Sergt.-Major Cook, Clinton	20
Orson Crank, Leamington	20
Mother Cutting, Essex	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

33 Hustlers.

Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	167
Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa	162
Lieut. Tracey, Montreal II	118
Lieut. L. Butch, Newport Vt.	115
Ensign Walker, Belleville	110
Capt. Comstock, Morrisburg	100
Capt. A. Norman, Napanee	78
Capt. French, Peterboro	75
Bro. Geo. Barrit, Montreal I	75
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	71
Lieut. McFarlane, Prescott	70
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	67
Sergt. Verner, Ottawa	64
Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall	58
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg	56
Mrs. McAmmond, Kingston	55
Mrs. Miller, Lakefield	50
Ensign Parker, Quebec	50
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	50
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	47
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	45
Lieut. Chas. Dora, Cobourg	45
Cand. A. Downey, Kingston	43
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Trenton	41
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	40
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	40
Lieut. Gray, Houlton, Me.	40
Mrs. Balber, Kingston	40
Sister Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	40
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	35
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	32
Sister Crozier, Montreal I	31
Sergt. Mrs. Lewis, Montreal I	30
Lieut. Woods, Cornwall	30
Sister Mrs. Dine, Kingston	30
Capt. M. Batten, Odessa	29
Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall	28
Sister Wange, Ottawa	26
Sister Soddard, Kingston	26
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Lieut. Hearnes, Montreal I	25
Capt. Magee, Millbrook	23
Lieut. O'Neil, Millbrook	23
Mrs. Aline, Kingston	22
Birdie McNaney, Kingston	22
Sister J. Harris, Kingston	21
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro	21
Sister I. Fulford, Brighton	20
Sergt. Rout, Belleville	20
Mrs. Dean, Prescott	20
Cand. Hoole, Montreal I	20
Ada Andrews, Houlton, Me.	20

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.

Capt. A. Horwood, Charlottetown	228
Mrs. Adjt. Miller, Yarmouth	215
Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax II	100
Capt. Sabine, Halifax II	83
Sergt. C. Wangham, Charlottetown	80
Mrs. Ensign Frazer, Spring Hill	70
Lieut. Hinson, Westville	70
Lieut. E. W. Owen, Kemptville	70
Capt. A. Hutt, Sussex	65
Capt. Allen, Westville	53
Lieut. L. Selig, Carlton	51
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carlton	49
Mrs. Williams, New Glasgow	38
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	38
Cand. Urquhart, Spring Hill	36
Ensign Jennings, Chatham	33
Mrs. Pitt, Spring Hill	28
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	27
Mother England, Chatham	25
Adjt. DesBrisay, New Glasgow	25
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II	25
Cand. Ginnivan, Halifax II	25
Adjt. Miller, Yarmouth	24
Capt. Thompson, Halifax II	23
Grace King, Yarmouth	22

## NORTHWEST PROVINCE.

16 Hustlers.

Capt. N. Worr, Brandon	152
Cadet Russell, Winnipeg	95
Ensign Hayes, Regina (av. 3 wks)	84
Cadet Russell, Winnipeg	80
Capt. B. LeDrew, Jamestown (av. 2 wks)	62
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	62
Capt. McKay, Laramore, N. D.	55
Capt. Charlton, Fargo	53
Capt. Hall, Fargo	45
Lieut. B. Breason, Lethbridge	42
S	

# Original Army Songs.

## Holiness.

Tunes.—Room for Jesus (B.J. 16); I will follow Thee, my Saviour (B.J. 1; S.M., II, 67); Always cheerful (B.J. 43).

1 I have left my all to follow, Follow Jesus everywhere; Though the path be full of sorrow, I'll rejoice the cross to bear.

### Chorus.

I will take my cross, dear Saviour, Take my cross and follow Thee; Grant to me Thy smile and favor, Make me what I ought to be.

Long my heart has craved for cleansing.

Cleansing from all inbred sin, By Thy power now descending, Purify my heart within.

I will trust Thee now, dear Saviour, For I feel the Blood applied; Faith in Thee shall never waver, I with Thee am crucified.

W. Hargrave, St. John I.

## War.

Tunes.—Stand up for Jesus (B.J. 23; S.M., I, 147); Day of victory's coming (B.J. 23; M.S., IV, 41).

2 We've listed in the Army Of Christ, our Heavenly King, With only one ambition— Poor dying souls to win From sin and Satan's thrall, And bring them back to God, And tell them there's salvation For them through Jesus' Blood.

### Chorus.

Tune.—The day of victory's coming.

In the highways and the byways, And also in the slums, We'll march and sing for Jesus, And beat the dear old drum.

"Repent and be converted," Shall ever be our cry, And God will give the increase Bye and bye.

Endue us, Gracious Leader, With holy love and zeal, And with Thy power and blessing, Our simple efforts seal, Still loyal to our colors, The Yellow, Red and Blue, To Thee and to Thy service, We pledge ourselves anew.

H. Marshall, Murray Harbor South, P. E. I.

## Testimony.

Tune.—Is my name written there?

3 In sunshine, in darkness, By day and by night, In sorrow, in gladness, In weakness and might, Come ease or come hardness, Or whatever may, I will shout 'Hallelujah!' For He leads me each day.

### Chorus.

Yes, He leads me each day, On the straight, narrow way; Then why should I not follow? For He leads me each day.

Though friends should forsake me, And foes should assail; Though the powers of darkness Should seek to prevail; And hot persecution My path should waylay, I will shout 'Hallelujah!' For He leads me each day.

Let others have richness, Let others have gold, But I have a Treasure, Of riches untold. I have a salvation That helps me to say I will shout 'Hallelujah!' For He leads me each day.

Poor sinner, for you at The Cross there is room; His light will dispense all Your darkness and gloom. Come, bring all your burdens, And with me you'll say, I will shout 'Hallelujah!' For He leads me each day.

Cadet H. Kriger.

## Salvation.

Tune.—The banks of the Wabash.

4 Let me tell you of a kind and loving Saviour, How He bled and died upon Mount Calvary; How He suffered in the darkness of the Garden, All to save a sinner, wretched though he be; And although your heart is black with sin and sorrow, Yet your burden He will gladly roll away, He will give you joy where now is naught but sadness, And He'll bear you o'er Jordan on death's day.

### Chorus.

Oh, the pardoning God is waiting now, poor sinner, Of His love and mercy freely offers thee; Will you not to-night accept the wondrous pardon That is offered now to you so full and free.

Oh, this love is one that never, never faileth, Though our foe will often try to lead astray. But His grace is one that always will sustain us, If His loving voice we only will obey. He is waiting now to hear thee say, backslider, "To my loving Father I will turn to-day." He'll give you back the love you once had freely, And He'll bear you over Jordan on death's day.

J. T. Funnell, Alexandria Bay, N. S.

## A Backslider's Death.

Tune.—If you love me, darling, tell me with your eyes.

5 Once she was a soldier, once she loved the fight. Once she followed Jesus, trusted in His might; Crosses ne'er were heavy—she was saved and glad, Free from sin and sadness, trusting in the Blood.

### Chorus.

Now she is drifting downward, far from God and right, Drifting far from Jesus. Oh, how sad a sight! Angels weep and wonder, as she downward goes, Is there none to save her from hell's bitter woes?

One false step was taken, that meant many more, Far from God she wandered, far from mercy's door; O'er her barque are tossing waves of deep despair; Will she cry for pardon, will she breathe a prayer?

On a bed of anguish, one so young and fair; Is there none to pity, none to breathe a prayer? How the past sweeps o'er her, awful, awful, state, Dying far from Jesus, far from mercy's gate.

Lieut. Annie Martin, Freeport, N. S.

## LOOK OUT FOR

## "The Man in the Moon."

If you attend the October meetings, be sure and visit the Life-Boat Dining Hall especially arranged for visiting officers soldiers and friends. 10c. meals. Forty-five good, clean beds have been arranged for visitors at 10c. each and a limited number at 15c. (private room). Satisfaction both in food and lodgings guaranteed. Address all communications to Ensign Burrows, 261 Victoria Street.

# The Sixteenth Anniversary Meetings

## TORONTO,

Sunday, Oct. 23rd, to Thursday, Oct. 27th,

INCLUSIVE.

# FIELD COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH IN COMMAND.

Assisted by

**COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary,**

Brigadiers Margetts, Complin and Friedrich, Majors Horn and Smeeton, and all Headquarters Staff, the Seven Provincial Officers, Brigadiers Sharp, Bennett, Howell, Gaskin and Pugmire, Majors McMillan and Southall; all Ontario District Officers, and Hundreds of Field and Social Officers, numerous Soldiers and Friends.

## PROGRAMME

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23rd.—7 a.m.: Day of Salvation at the PAVILION. 11 a.m.: Holiness Meeting, conducted by the FIELD COMMISSIONER. 3 and 7 p.m.: Two Great Battles for Souls, led by the FIELD COMMISSIONER.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 8 p.m.—Reception Rally at the Temple, led by the CHIEF SECRETARY.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 8 p.m.—Soldiers' Council at Lippincott Street Barracks, the FIELD COMMISSIONER in charge.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27th.—Anniversary Demonstration in the BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, the FIELD COMMISSIONER in command.

### Railway Arrangements.

Tickets at single first-class fare for the return trip can be obtained at any station on the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific Railways. When procuring ticket ask for Standard Certificate and see that you get one, or you will be required to pay full fare home again. All certificates to be handed in at the Central Provincial Headquarters, ground floor, S. A. Temple, immediately on arrival.

### OFFICERS' MEETINGS:

Tuesday morning and afternoon, and Wednesday morning, afternoon and night, in the Lippincott Street Barracks, Councils for Staff and Field Officers.

Staff Officers' Council on Friday, October 28th, at 10 a.m.

### BILLOTS.

Officers requiring billets in connection with the October Meetings should send in their application immediately to Brigadier Gaskin, Salvation Temple, Jones and Albert Streets, Toronto. No billet can be guaranteed later than Monday, October 17th.